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A TALK UPON ANTIQUITY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

'THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.'

DON'T turn aside, reader, nor pass on to something else, because so unpromising a topic awaits your meditations. I mean to be very popular, not theological.

The 'Fathers of the Church!' Who has not heard of them?

'Every body.'

And who has much definiteness of idea respecting them? No answer? Then *I* say: 'Very few—very.'

For myself, until I took up the subject to examine it, my own ideas were very much afloat in regard to these 'potent, grave, and reverend signiors.' Even now, perhaps, I may only 'report progress;' and yet my investigation of the subject has been very patient, and of long continuance. Certain it is, that the world has a vagueness of idea in regard to these worthies that is truly remarkable.

Did any body, except philosophers appointed for that purpose, ever have the curiosity to search into the 'moving *why*' of their conception of things? As, for instance, in the admission of great ideas into the mind. Let me illustrate what I mean:

In my boyhood, being 'raised' in a country town where there was an ancient mill, and an equally ancient mill-dam, I was accustomed to associate the idea of Niagara Falls with this same mill-dam, tumbling over its rocky precipice a fearful distance of some six or eight feet, and roaring tremendously of a still night, in the cool fall of the year.

This statement may excite the risibles of some readers; and yet there was philosophy in the *rationale* of it. I was an unsophisticated youth, living 'remote from cities,' and had never been beyond the smoke of my good grand-mother's cottage; in a word, I had never seen either great bodies of water or vast elevations of land; and it was very reasonable

and quite philosophical that old 'Billy Hood's mill-dam' should be a type of great things in that line—at least to my youthful comprehension. And when I came to hear of 'Falls,' where else should I go to picture forth a mental image of a cataract but to the tumbling dam of that reservoir back of the 'Academy,' where all the geese in the village were accustomed to lave themselves and to set up a cackling?

Goldsmith was my first author in the matter of the mighty cataract, and *he* said that the 'Fall' was some one hundred and sixty or seventy feet perpendicular, and that Indians had often ventured down (he might have said *up* and down while he was about it) in their canoes in safety. As to the one hundred and odd feet in perpendicular altitude, I had no idea corresponding to that, save what might be drawn from the trees of the forest. I had never seen a precipice.

In after years, my eyes *did* see the mighty original, and my ears *did* hear the roar thereof; and *then* only did I fully and entirely conceive that the village mill-dam was 'no patching to it,' as they say out west.

Well, now the 'Fathers' have ever existed in my humble imagination after some such fashion as this. The *idea* of antiquity is very hard to get at. There are men whose comprehensions on that head do not transcend the day and date of their own grand-father's burial. Talk to men of limited knowledge, and still more limited experience, of the world's doings, of the days of the 'Commonwealth,' or of the 'Conquest,' or of 'Alfred the Great,' or of 'Charlemagne,' and you will find no echo of intelligence in them. The eye will be dull, and the understanding stupid, now that you have got beyond the reach of their mental vision. Their grand-father they knew, because they had seen him, and could remember him; but farther back they knew not, their minds having never travelled the road.

It is a great idea, that of antiquity; one of Dr. Watts's 'grand ideas;' and such as requires a certain habitude of mind, in order to seize upon it to any practical advantage. As to myself, I could entertain the idea of antiquity after some sort, but no doubt very inadequately. I had read the 'Commentaries of Cæsar,' and was many a time and oft 'kept in' while pursuing my acquaintance with one Caius Crispus Sallust; but how I ever got to *feel* that these authors were of an age of eighteen centuries and more, it were hard to say, unless that it crept upon me by degrees. But, as I before remarked, it is quite possible that to this hour my notions of an antiquity of two thousand years are almost as imperfect as the idea a boy of ten years has of a million, or even the half of that number. Here stands the fact: A man forms no conceptions, or even imagines any existence, which he has not, to a certain extent, experienced in his own individual habits and observations:

'What may we reason but from what we know?'

I might pursue the theme, and say that we know nothing but such as the mind, assisted by the senses, can grasp and identify. Mere mind, without the use of sense to compare and to harmonize, eyes to measure, and locomotion to adapt suitably to space, is an insufficient determiner of abstruse things. Nothing but the 'poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' can suffice for the enkindling of thought, apparently without some such home-

spun accessories as eye-sight and ear-shot, time, space, size, color, contingency.

My own dull mind, for example, knows nothing but what it learns; and learns, too, through the senses, in patience and pains-taking. Failing to measure Niagara Falls through its early and rather absurd associations, it only came to embrace the idea by seeing with the eyes, and hearing with the ears; by being individually present before this great phenomenon of Nature, and allowing the thinking properties within to expand sufficiently to appreciate such greatness of idea as the wonder called for.

Am I understood?

Now, the 'Fathers of the Church' came looming down upon my understanding something like this mighty cataract I have spoken of. There was something grand and patristical in the very sound of their names. And when, in the progress of years, I came to learn that the Council of Trent, which sat from 1545 until 1563, issued its solemn and momentous edict, that the tradition of the 'Fathers' should be received with the same reverence and esteem as the Holy Scriptures themselves, my notions of them came to be vested with some sort of supernatural dignity, which forbade all intermixture of these authors with other writers of a far distant age. Caesar, and Sallust, and Cicero, were only heathens; very respectable men in their way, to be sure, but in no wise binding upon conscience, as objects of especial veneration. What the grand conclave of the 'Mother-Church,' in general council assembled, did enact knowingly, and with all the facts of the case before them, I, in my ignorance, and overshadowed by the weight of high authority, did succumb to; and somehow or other, the terms 'tradition' and 'authority of the Fathers' got mingled up, in my imperfect mode of thinking, with the Scriptures themselves; and

'How to distinguish and divide
This hair from south to south-west side,'

was, according to my preconceptions, a matter of no small difficulty.

There was something 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' about these venerable men, as they sat enthroned upon my imagination with all the attendant pomp and circumstance of high antiquity, and a certain air of high authority, which no man may idly condemn or reject, or from the influence thereof declare himself free. There is such a thing as an ignorant worship; and such was my own case, as I am free to confess. One can readily conceive how that education, and its almost ineradicable bias, should so exalt these writers, and shed a controlling weight of influence upon the mind.

If a child should count a million, he might perhaps come to have some notion of the vastness of idea necessary to a conception of it. So with the student of history, be it the history of the Fathers, or whatever else it may be. It is necessary to pursue a subject *gradatim*, in order to arrive at distinct notions. One may possess improper notions of a thing, as I myself did, in relation to these 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' worthies, the Fathers: and these improper and incorrect notions may, and certainly do, have their controlling influence in forming the judgment and in warping the mind. It came to pass, in the progress of things,

that I applied myself to the pages of Mosheim and Neander: wearisome pages they are, and 'dry;' but yet they are a very excellent sort of mental aliment to one who wishes to know 'what's what,' free from all the impediments of Fancy and her irregular sketchings.

The pages of Mosheim and Neander tell a curious tale in relation to these same 'Fathers;' and any one who feels that he has 'kinks' of imagination, such as had tangled up my own skein of historical narrative, would do well to take Dr. Murdoch's edition of the former, 'with copious notes,' and sit himself down with a quiet mind to the perusal. I stand fairly exorcised in this behalf, and no longer regard with solemn awe these mighty names of hoar antiquity. All sense of bodily apprehension has quite departed from me; and 'Brutus will start a spirit' now quite as effectually as the names of 'Cyprian,' 'Tertullian,' or of either of the 'Gregories.'

Look at them, reader, as they stand, 'armed all in proof,' in their places upon the shelves of this library:

'ONE hundred dogs bayed deep and strong;
Clattered an hundred steeds along.'

Yes, there they are, one hundred volumes in folio; two feet in height, one foot in width, and nearly half a foot in thickness, each volume, and weighing—no matter for the avoirdupois proportions; I have no balance at hand; but they are very bulky indeed: a delicate person could hardly lift them: their authors were 'heavy men.' And these are the 'Fathers,' whereof one hears so much. 'Tis the 'Benedictine edition' this—'Patrologia patrum!' What a grand sound the name has when uttered in the original! Perhaps you do n't read Latin and Greek, worthy friend, with whom mentally I 'shake hands' over these pages. Well, neither do I; at least, not so *well* as I do the vernacular. These 'Fathers,' you must know, have never been translated, but remain shut up in their 'dead' original. Men however *have* read them, even if I do not. There was Archbishop Usher, who spent full eighteen years of his valuable life in the perusal of 'the Fathers.' Let us take one from his comfortable nest upon the lower shelf, and lay it open upon the table.

'Phew! what a dust!'

The heavy leathern backs creak like the hinges of an unused door, as I remove one of the ponderous tomes from his long resting-place, and allow the day-light to shine upon its learned pages. What a book it is! Yes; and there are ninety-and-nine more of similar proportions and ponderosity. See the Latin of this time-stained page; how learned it looks! And how full—'full as an egg is of meat;' crammed, from the title-page to the word 'Finis;' this monstrous *tomus*. Wonder if the 'Harpers' could send forth one of these 'Leviathans' per month, to meet outstanding orders? Hardly, I suspect. There stands Jerome and Augustine, weighty and solid enough; the one in five, the other in nine of these huge folios. Origen takes up four; that is to say, what remains of his writings; and still more bulky than all is John Chrysostom, whose works fill up thirteen volumes, all told! Bold publishers would they be who should undertake such a 'job,' especially if considered with a reference to the 'Trade Sales' and a market for their literary produce!

Somebody has said that a 'great book is a great evil;' and here we have the 'evil' multiplied an hundred-fold. Whether 'evils' or not, these 'Fathers' are great books; great in dimensions, great in specific gravity, great in age; and as for the learning necessary to comprehend them, who shall say that it is not 'considerable' also?

A question arises:

How do we know them to be so old? How are we to be assured that full sixteen hundred years and upward have gone gliding by into forgetfulness since this author, whose musty pages lie open before me, handled the pen and dealt in ideas, even as I do now?

Suppose I dilate a little upon this: Printing was invented about the middle of the fifteenth century; say in the year A. D. 1444, or thereaway. Now, previously to this period, books were multiplied by the slow and tedious labor of the pen. At that rate, these 'Fathers,' so voluminously extensive, would require a goodly number of nimble fingers to finish out a single 'copy' of the work. In such an Herculean task, a single transcription of such an author as Augustine, for example, would constitute *an edition*. Yet the thing was done, however difficult and tedious it might seem; and on the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, the monasteries and monkeries throughout Europe were ransacked to see what could be found in them. Cosmo de Medici, of Florence, together with his brother Lorenzo, and other individuals of good taste, were famous for this kind of ransacking; and they brought many valuable writings to light, which, but for such timely care, might have been lost. They searched into the oaken chests and the well-secured depositories of the olden time, and the valuable relics so discovered were soon permitted to visit the eyes of mankind through the new and popular medium of the printed page.

From the time of Augustine, or soon after, until the revival of letters, there had intervened a dreary night-time of ignorance and darkness, which lasted for nearly a thousand years. During all this term of mental bondage, in which the blessed light of human intellect seemed to have well-nigh become extinct, these same religious houses, the abodes of monkery, were the sole depositories of whatever little learning there was left. Even kings and princes were without culture; illiterate were they, and untaught. To read and to write was the province of the inmates of monasteries; and even this was, for the most part, the extent of the education there attained. Without knowledge themselves, these monks became copyists, and considered that they were well employed in transmitting from age to age the learned labors of others. Among the books so handed down were the 'Fathers of the Church;' a title bestowed upon the supporters of Christian doctrine in the earliest ages of Christianity. Of course the Bible, and particularly the New Testament, in the original Greek, was the most usual and the most valued book for transcription; it being believed, according to the calculation of things in those superstitious times, that the favor of Heaven would be conciliated thereby. Second only to the Scriptures in dignity and importance, as well as in the 'spiritual efficacy' of such a task, was the transcription of the 'Fathers,' many a one of which has received such subscription as the following: 'This book, copied by M. N., for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year —, etc. May the Lord think upon me!'

Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, and the works of Plato, together with all the host of the 'Ancients,' have descended to us in this manner. During the middle ages, the 'trade' of copying was extensively carried on both in the east and west of southern Europe; and when Dr. Faustus, or whoever he was that invented printing, first set his types to work, we can imagine something of such a general hubbub among the monkish scribes as there was in Scotland some years ago, when the power-loom came into use, which brought death and destruction among the weavers; or the use of rail-roads and steam-engines in our own country, to the utter detriment of hack-drivers and stage-coachmen. Within the foot of Italy's 'boot,' in the province of Calabria, there were some fifty of these houses of monkery: a fact which gives us some idea of the extent of the prevalence of the religious orders, and shows us, at a glance, that the transcribing business was no trifle, although, in the matter of original authorship, those ages were so barren and unfruitful. That there are so few manuscripts extant of the Classics, and so many of the Scriptures and of these 'Fathers,' is to be accounted for by means of the fact before named, that the work of transcription was deemed, in itself, meritorious; the Scriptures occupying the first rank in point of divine favor, and the copying of these 'Fathers,' who were esteemed the pack-horses of 'tradition,' came in second-best, as 'labors of love,' and as propitiators of the kind favor of Heaven.

We read of a man, in those early times, giving a load of hay for a single page of Holy Writ; and we also learn that, in the year A. D. 1300, a Bible sold for thirty-three pounds sterling, which, making all allowances for 'differences of exchange' in the lapse of some five centuries, may have been equal to some two or three hundred dollars of our money. But the wonders of the printing-press soon brought to naught the labors of the pains-taking scribe of the 'dark ages,' and now these manuscripts are valueless except as matters of mere curiosity. Within our own time, almost, there has been a still more thorough ransacking than ever of old libraries throughout Europe; and some eight or nine hundred manuscript copies of the New Testament have been hauled from their hiding-places, for the purpose of collating and comparing them with our own printed copies, and so making 'assurance doubly sure' as to the integrity of the text.

Having striven to bring my own mind into a shake-hand sort of an acquaintance with 'antiquity,' and having cursorily detailed the process by which these venerable records of years past have been handed down to us—step by step, and link by link, as in a vast chain, reaching through the long vista of forgotten ages, and descending even to the present hour of time—I next come to another question:

'What is the service which these ancient sober-sides render to us?—or are they, in any wise, serviceable?—since it is acknowledged, on all hands, that nobody reads them, or only some occasional Dominie Sampson or other, whose antiquarian tendencies lead him to despise any thing short of a folio for his perusal?'

'The use of them?'

Well, in the first place, I will tell you what, according to my notion, the true use of them is not; and, in the second place, which will about

bring my paper to a close, I will try to deduce from them such value as they really *do* possess.

These 'Fathers' are to be regarded as the pack-horses of 'tradition : ' I don't like the word very much, but yet it is sufficiently expressive, and will answer: the 'pack-horses;' that is to say, the medium through which the vast and intangible tide of floating rumor has been wafted down through a succession of ages, until it has reached our doors.

'Tradition! there is something exceedingly non-come-at-able in the very name. One hardly knows how to define it, much less to gather up instruction from its teachings. Tradition, floating along for a thousand or for two thousand years! Who believes in such a thing?'

Softly, my good Sir; you'll tread upon people's toes by such a flat-footed disavowal as that comes to. Why, there are men who consider these one hundred volumes of dead folios as little else than an amplification of Holy Writ; an expansion, so to speak, of the words of the inspired record itself. It was by an imbibed supposition of this kind that I myself had come to entertain, previous to all examination of the subject, such an instinctive dread of these mighty men in armor. If they did not 'start spirits' that I had ever seen, it was clear to my prejudiced mind that, upon an emergency, they *might* do so.

'We reverence and receive with equal affection and belief,' says the Decree of the Council of Trent, 'whatever the HOLY SPIRIT through the apostles has delivered to us, as also the *traditions* preserved by the Church, and so handed down.'

To say that the 'Fathers' are to be of use to us in the sense here 'decreed,' is against our present notion of things altogether. There would be a very considerable reluctance on the part of the discerning nature within us to accept of this worm-eaten regiment of folios, '*par pietatis affectu ac reverentia*' with the words of the inspired canon itself.

But secondly, as to the use they *are*, not of what they *are not*. They are useful, infinitely useful, these grand, old, solemn gentlemen, in that they confirm, corroborate, strengthen, and sanction the teachings of the divine record. Not calling upon us for 'equal reverence,' by any means, but placing us under a debt of gratitude for the honest testimony which they render to the integrity of the BIBLE. Shedding, as they do, a mass of direct evidence upon the point so much contested by many, namely, Christianity as a fixed fact—a fact not lightly to be gainsaid nor discredited.

We learn from them that from the second to the fifth or sixth centuries there came a succession of strong men, who lived, wrote, figured, and died; and, what is more to the point, who expended their energies, as they did their lives, in the elucidation of topics connected with New Testament doctrines. This of itself is of immense value to us, living at a distance of nearly two thousand years from the period when these events occurred. Viewing the matter even in a lawyer-like aspect, we cannot but regard with interest the nature of the historical confirmation thus adduced.

In addition to this, there is another consideration to be set down upon the side of good service which the 'Fathers' have rendered, and will continue to render to the coming generations of mankind. They *quote* largely from the New Testament in their writings.

Now, so many various authors, quoting at different times and for different purposes from a single document or collection of documents, subserve a most important end in the verification of that document. So extensive are these quotations, made too by the 'Fathers' of the first three centuries of the present era, that there is no doubt whatever that the New Testament could be replaced from their citations, had it been blotted from existence as a separate and distinct book, or series of books. Indeed the thing has been tried.

Some time during the last century, perhaps about the middle of it, Sir David Dalrymple, a Scotch jurist of eminence, a man of piety and learning, being in conversation with some friends upon the subject of the 'Fathers,' made the statement that the New Testament could be restored from their quotations. The assertion was discredited. Whereupon he went home and applied himself vigorously to the work, to see if it could be done; collecting all the chapters and half-chapters, verses, etc., to be found in the 'Fathers' of the first three centuries. After a labor of two months, he found *all* the New Testament, with the exception of eleven verses, and these probably could have been found by farther perseverance and research.

But I find I have been growing talkative. I wouldn't like to make myself wearisome, even though the subject has become interesting, and the nib of my pen has warmed up to a better relish of the task. Perhaps there may be material for *another* paper in the KNICKERBOCKER. Who knows?

T H E L I T T L E S L E E P E R .

BY J. CLEMENT.

Few the days the fair one numbered,
Ere were closed his lustrous eyes;
And he calmly, sweetly slumbered,
Like a cherub from the skies.

From the body, frail and sickly,
In the solemn hush of night,
Stole the spirit, soft and quickly,
Back to native realms of light.

Still the sweet one, unawaken'd,
Dreamed and smiled when night had fled,
Knowing not the soul had taken
Wings, and up to glory sped.

Folded on his heaveless bosom,
Slight his ivory hands were pressed;
And thus slept the heavenly blossom,
Truant from the Land of Rest.

Buffalo, December, 1851.

LAST NIGHT I SAW THEE IN MY DREAM.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Last night I saw thee in my dream,
As bright, as fair, as young,
As when, in long, long-vanished years,
Mid blissful sighs and happy tears,
With faltering lip and tongue,
I breathed to thee those thrilling words
That stir but once life's inmost chords.

They float again before mine eyes,
Those memories of the past;
The twilight of that shaded room,
Whose quaintness, and whose softened gloom,
Their spells around me cast;
And threw within thy soul-felt glance
The glowing depth of love's romance.

The breeze that through the casement sighed,
And waved thy golden hair;
The flowers upon thy bosom worn
At starlit eve or early morn,
The summer-scented air,
Arise once more to soul and eye,
As if thy spirit lingered nigh!

The volumes where thy favored page
Contains thy pencilled line,
Lie treasured amid graver lore;
But while o'er sterner thoughts I pore,
Fond memory turns to thine:
And yet it were too sharp a pain
To ope those long-closed leaves again.

Those pictures, that the painter's skill
To life-like tone has wrought,
Still need Time's dark and mellowed hue
To make them beautiful and true:
So, in the land of thought,
The love, half dimmed by past regret,
Has twilight rays that never set.

Nor would I ask to see thee now:
No! rather in my heart
I'd guard the well-remembered grace
That lingered round thy gentle face,
Than see thee as thou art:
Too sadly would thy presence bring
Past visions of thy girlhood's spring!

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM OF BORESKO.

BY A. D. JOHNSON.

Our host had kindly provided us with clothes cut after the fashion of the country, that we might parade the city without exciting the gaze of the natives. In a retired spot, almost obscured by shrubbery, stands a noble building, erected for a lunatic asylum centuries ago, by a private individual. As we gazed at the vast structure, a gentleman, who suspected we were foreigners, invited us to visit the interior. We accepted his politeness with hesitation, human suffering being apt to produce abiding and painful recollections. The lower wards we found occupied by patients whose malady is peculiar to this strange and remote country. The emperors thereof have from time immemorial kept, in different parts of the empire, two magazines; one for the gratuitous distribution of wealth to all persons who will come for it; the other, for the gratuitous distribution of public trusts, titles, and other honorary distinctions. The magazines are a thousand miles from the capital. The roads to them are numerous, but full of obstructions, of which the most ordinary consist of couches for the indolent; guns, dogs, horses, and fish-lines for the sportive; eating and drinking-houses for the sensual; slips of paper to be inscribed across the back by the confiding; trinkets, laces, furniture, equipages, and splendid houses for the luxurious. These lures against progression are assisted by the disgusting dust and roughness of the roads. Some are so mired that the traveller will sink out of sight and be lost; though occasionally the person thus sunk will burrow onward, and emerge through some subterranean trap-door into the magazine of wealth, from which he will eventually depart, loaded with riches, and so purified personally as to delight all beholders.

The roads to these magazines are free to all men, and abound with admonitory guide-boards; and as the desire for wealth and distinction is general in Boresko, no person would remain poor or undistinguished, were he not subject to a species of madness, by which many of the travellers will select a road that all sane persons know will lead neither to the magazine of honors nor of wealth; and after travelling thereon assiduously, with great pain and labor, will lament their ill success, and attribute it to the malice of rivals or the persecution of PROVIDENCE. Another portion will remain stationary, and expect the magazines to seek them; while multitudes lose all their time in an endeavor to discover some new and short road, that will be less tedious and vulgar than the common thoroughfares. As soon as any of the maniacs become troublesome and clamorous (which often happens) against the perfidy of friends, the prejudices of the world, and the neglect of merit, they are seized by the police and hurried to the asylum; but they are never convinced that their want of success is attributable to their own perversity, and hence are rarely cured.

The magazines also are gained by few persons who depend wholly, or

chiefly, on muscular efforts; indeed, a man's chance of success seems inverse his reliance on his own muscular efforts. Nor is success obtained by haste, but rather by steps formed as if in illustration of the Latin proverb, 'Make haste slowly.' Instances are however known of persons who, by a single bound, have entered both magazines at once; but most men who essay such leaps, retrograde more than they advance, not unfrequently crippling themselves for life.

After satisfying our curiosity with these maniacs, the conductor took us to the second floor, which is inhabited by a worse description of patients, but whose disease also is peculiar to Boresko. The conductor stated, what we had not known previously, that about ten miles from the capitol, a high rock overhangs a precipice whose depth is as fearfully below the surface of the surrounding country as the summit of the rock is above it. The rock affords a sublime view of the city, and the summit is always brilliant with sunshine and delightful in temperature. The atmosphere, too, possesses an exhilarating property which affects the human frame like nitrous oxide. While inhaling it, each person possesses in imagination whatever he desires at the moment; riches, health, power, a lady's love, or any other object. This peculiarity causes the place to be called the pinnacle of hope, and thither brokers retreat from the disappointments of adverse speculations; politicians, from the success of rivals; physicians, from angry contests with each other about the medical treatment of some distinguished patient whose case has perversely baffled the skill of art; and lawyers, to avoid the dismay of unsuccessful clients. In short, the rock is sought by all persons who try to assuage present griefs by future anticipations. Occasionally, however, a madness seizes on some of the visitors, and they jump from the pinnacle into the abyss at its base, where noxious vapors reverse all the reveries of hope, substituting therefor fearful apprehensions. No contrast is greater than a man on the pinnacle, confident, impatient, supercilious, erect in stature; and the same man in the pit, timid, irresolute, servile, and bent in stature. Some shrewd observers insist that in the pit a man usually loses his morality, while on the pinnacle he becomes faithful in his conduct.

To jump occasionally into the pit is usual to all persons who frequent the pinnacle; but the mania consists in rapid alternations from the pinnacle to the pit. The moment the disorder is fully developed, so as to annoy the family and friends of the patient, he is seized by the police and conveyed to the asylum.

The boisterous mirth and boisterous lamentations of these diseased people exciting our sympathy too strongly, our conductor removed us to the third floor, which is occupied by patients whose disorder consists in disregarding present events, and pondering inordinately on what may occur in future. When the mania expends itself in the contemplation of future good, the disorder is harmless, and the subjects are permitted to remain unconfined; but the patients in the asylum are those who occupy themselves inordinately with future evils. The first whom we saw was a man in the middle period of life, and whose countenance depicted the lowest degree of animal spirits, or despair. He was lying on a richly-furnished bed, and vainly endeavoring to obtain by sleep some cessation of anguish. The room was elegantly decorated with all that

wealth could contrive to promote comfort or please the senses; still the throbbing of the wretched man's heart was so violent, that we heard it as we stood half-concealed at the door of his splendid cell. A disease of the heart usually terminates by death the miseries of these maniacs; and the disease is produced by the violent apprehensions of evil which they constantly suffer.

The maniac was a money-lender. His fortune was large, and, except his mania, his health was uniformly good. He possessed a discreet, amiable, and, considering her age, beautiful wife, whom he much loved, with three dutiful and affectionate children, whom he also loved. He had scarcely ever suffered any loss of property, or a severe misfortune of any kind, except as the universal fiat of nature had taken from him by death a few kindred and friends. In the height of this prosperity, and amid the envy of all his contemporaries, he became gradually a victim to the mania of looking inordinately into futurity. The more intently he pondered on the future, the more he increased his fears, till his imagination showed him that a large portion of his loans depended for solvency on contingencies which he could not control. One debtor would be unable to pay unless wheat, which was then unusually dear, should maintain its present price for the space of two months longer. Another had been for years engaged in a losing manufacturing business, and was able to meet his payments only by the contracting of new debts, which might momentarily be prevented by any contingency that should reveal his true position. Another was endorser, for more than he could pay, of a friend whose solvency depended on a speculation which presented no hope of a favorable result, except by desperately engaging still more deeply in the adventure. Another was continually in danger of ruin by fire, against which he, in the folly of self-confidence, made no provision. Another was dangerously ill of a fever, and his estate would be rendered insolvent by his death. The money-lender saw, also, that a coincident loss of several debts at some unpropitious period of the money-market might so impair his resources as to incapacitate him from fulfilling his own engagements; hence, that not his fortune only was in jeopardy, but his punctuality and pecuniary sagacity, which he prized more than wealth. Events which were thus possible, his solicitude induced him to deem almost certain. All that was in danger he accounted lost, contrary to a wise king of France, who lightened apprehension by exclaiming, 'All is not lost that is in danger!' The man who had indiscreetly involved his destiny as surety for a speculating friend, suffered not more anxiety for the result than the melancholy money-lender. The man whose solvency depended on the price of wheat, watched the daily fluctuations of the market with not more solicitude than the alarmed money-lender. The man who paid his engagements only by the acquisition of new loans, trembled for the continuance of his credit not more sensitively than the money-lender; while the wife and children of the sick debtor listened to the prophetic looks and hints of the attendant physician with no greater trepidation than the wretched money-lender. In him was aggregated the particular trouble of each of his debtors, till his sufferings became as intolerable as they were interminable; for the payment of a debt of whose solvency he had been solicitous, led only to a re-loan of the

money to some new debtor, who produced a new solicitude. Absorbed by his reflections, the conversation of his family became burdensome to him. He lost his appetite, all relish for recreations, all power of sleep, and gradually became the miserable object which we were contemplating.

The next inmate to whom our attention was directed was a merchant. He had acquired great wealth by successful shipments and importations. At every voyage he was compelled to elect whether he should load his vessel with cotton, flour, or other commodity; and he gradually acquired a habit of comparing the profits of every venture with the profits which would have resulted had he exported some other article. His anxiety in this particular became stronger as he advanced in age, until he occupied nearly all his vacant hours in such retrospection. He much inclined, at this time, to load a ship with flax-seed, but ultimately loaded her with sugar for a distant voyage; sugar being of much less uncertain issue. The voyage proved highly successful, but had he shipped flax-seed, the profits would have been trebled. The misfortune (for so he deemed it) fell on him like a blight, and the continual contemplation of it deprived him of all complacency in his gains from the sugar. A farm, too, in the suburbs of the city, that he had sold some years previously at an enormous profit on its cost to him, was subdivided into city lots by the purchaser, who realized a large fortune by the operation. In the midst of this new source of depression, he was offered a high price by government for a piece of vacant ground that was wanted for the site of a new dock-yard; but, warned by the sale of his farm, he rejected the proposals of government, who purchased another locality; and no prospect presented of again realizing for his lot the price which he had rejected. The blow was greater than he could bear. Retrospections of evil crowded on him, whether he sold or withheld from sale; whether he bought or refrained from buying. He became timid, irresolute, and morose, a torment to himself and family; and was eventually deemed a proper subject for the asylum to which he was removed.

'Can riches and prosperity cause misery in your strange country?' we involuntarily exclaimed to our conductor. 'Certainly,' said he, 'if no other cause exists: just as a man will become weary if he walks too far on velvet, or lies too long on down. But permit me to show you one ward more;' and we reluctantly followed him into a long aisle, with cells on each side, that were filled with fanatics of a kind providentially unknown in our temperate latitude, but common in Boresko, where every person believes the moon is made of green cheese. We supposed the assertion was used in levity, but we soon received abundant proofs that the tenet is believed literally. It forms a part of every system of medicine, but is the chief staple in the formation of patent remedies. Communists and socialists employ little other material, and it enters largely into the minor socialism of life insurance, health and assistance societies, and building associations. Every system of divinity possesses some of it, and every branch of irreligion much more. Phrenology has erected quite a science on it in Boresko, astronomy employs it copiously, and psychology, mental philosophy, metaphysics, and geology. In short, to say nothing of animal magnetism, and kindred modern discoveries, no intel-

lectual speculation exists in Boresko that exempts you from believing, in a greater or less degree, that the moon is made of green cheese.

While men subordinate the belief to useful ends, the delusion, if Americans may be permitted so to characterize it, is encouraged by the fancy rather than resisted; and as every man needs some toleration for his own occult nonsense, he tolerates complaisantly what he deems occult nonsense in other men. Occasionally, however, an individual, impelled by temperament, or by too intent a contemplation of his own green cheese, becomes no longer content to subordinate it to any useful purpose, but subordinates thereto, as to a higher law, all the sensible realities of life, all utility, and all the social interests of himself and others. The moment the delusion acquires so fatal a hold of any individual, he is forthwith seized and taken to the asylum: persons thus possessed being unsafe members of society, intolerant, and committing occasionally the most savage outrages on the reputation, and sometimes on the lives and fortunes of themselves and others.

Leaving these maniacs to the ecstasies which many of them evidently enjoyed, we were departing from the asylum, when we were attracted toward another gallery by the majestic mien of its occupants, and the fierceness of their contentions. They were political leaders. Boresko is imperial in its executive, but the people march annually (in some districts semi-annually) to the palace, and dictate the laws. To march at the head of such a procession, confers no little power and influence, beside many pecuniary perquisites, and the position is free to the ambition of all aspirants. The whole skill of the operation consists in a nice and early perception of the wishes of the people, which the leader then announces as his projects, and calls loudly on the people to follow him, and obtain success. To superficial observers, the leader originates all the opinions of the multitude who follow him, while truly the poor man is the most mentally enslaved being in the crowd, and, from long subservience, often loses all accurate discrimination in political matters of right from wrong. After, however, being thus followed for several years, and hearing incessantly from hostile partisans that the people are mere machines, at his beck, such a leader occasionally becomes a victim to the delusion which he has created, and gradually imagines that he possesses some personal attraction, whose potency drags the people after him. The fatal delusion soon manifests itself in him by an occasional indulgence of his own opinions, irrespective of the opinions of his followers, and even in opposition thereto. From habit, surprise, or discipline, the people may not immediately desert him, which but increases the delusion that he is followed for his own wisdom; and he will deviate more and increasingly toward his own predilections, until he will be left with no followers, except a few stragglers as crazy as he is; a result which usually exasperates his malady. He thenceforward commences to rave at the deserters, accusing them of apostacy and ingratitude. He becomes scurrilous toward his old friends, troublesome to every body in tediously defining his position, turbulent and desperate; and if not seasonably secured and lodged in the asylum, will rapidly, like Grecian Helen,

— 'BECOME MORE
The world's aversion than their love before.'

Fatigued with these various scenes of madness, and almost afraid of contamination from some of them, we thanked our polite cicerone, and almost literally fled from the asylum, whose painful secrets we determined to investigate no farther.

THOUGHTS AFTER A STORM.

BY A NEW 'IONE.'

THE Storm-King is abroad: his messengers,
The Winds, sweep o'er the earth with giant force,
And bear the soul upon their rushing wings.
Amid such scenes, it cannot be confined
Within the bounds of self, but must away,
To roam through space, and question of the clouds
And whirlwinds what may be its destiny!
It feels a sympathy with boundless power,
And fierce impulsive stirrings fill it now,
That it ne'er knows in quiet, sunny hours;
For then earth seems so fair, we here would dwell
Content for ever. But, when tempests come,
Their stern, resistless might will rouse the mind
To grasp at higher joys than those of sense,
And make it own a kindred majesty
With things that thrill with fearful, trembling awe,
Its inmost being. Then this mortal life
Appears a dream — a shadow; and the thought
Of all its vexing doubts and troublous cares
Is pitiful, compared with the vast strength
Of the immortal soul! What reck's it now
Of petty pains, that make existence seem
A bitterness? The hopes that failed; the love
Whose other name was sorrow; e'en the heart's
Deep yearning wish for truer, purer bliss
Than earth can give — the soul forgets all these.
Its hopes are high and holy, and no blight
Can fall on aught of nature so like Heaven:
Its love is infinite; for it loves all
That God hath made in the wide universe,
And this wild longing for a nobler life
Is felt no more: it sees within itself
The elements of greatness, that shall need
Eternity for action. Oh! I love
The night, and storms, and whirlwinds, for they break
The spell of earthliness that else would bind
The spirit down to dust!

E'en as I write,
The storm has ceased, and silence fills the air,
That late bore to my ear the tempest-song.
So shall a sweet, deep peace fall on my soul,
And leave it dwelling, with calm, trusting love,
On the great thought of God, who made alike
The Storm of nature and the Soul of man!

Binghamton, New-York.

THE LOYALIST OF THE VENDÉE.

I.

Now, as there is a God in heaven, and JESU is His Son,
And to Our LADY grace is given, and to the Holy ONE;
Now, as, in sooth, the Church is Truth, and if it be her will
That false should fail, and right prevail, and good outlast the ill:

II.

Then by this Heart, and by this Cross, and by our own Vendée;
By every feeling man can feel, or prayer that man can pray;
By hope in HIM round whom we kneel, I charge you all to swear
One last oath with LA ROCHEJACQUELIN, to dare as *he* will dare!

III.

And if my words vaunt overmuch, and if I seem to say
That I shall be the boldest or the foremost in the fray,
Full many a name of older fame there are around, I know,
TALMONT, FORET, LESCURE, D'ELBEE, and brave CATHELINEAU:

IV.

And many a gallant dalesman, and many a mountaineer,
To whom their Church, and King, and France, and Gentlemen are dear;
Not strong like theirs my strength may be—my zeal shall be more keen;
For they have only *heard* of that Paris I have *seen*:

V.

Where Fraud, and Crime, and MARAT reign, and the triple colors wave
O'er the churches of Our LADY, and the blessed GENEVIEVE;
Where Agnus, Pix, and Crucifix, are made the wanton's spoil,
And the bells which called to vespers, now call to blood and broil:

VI.

The Priests—those gentle Priests and good, your fathers loved to hear,
Sole type below, midst work and wo, of the God whom we revere—
There's not a street, trod under feet, they have not dyed with gore;
There's not a stone that does not own one martyrdom, or more.

VII.

The KING—I saw the accursed cap on his anointed head;
And scoff, and scorn, and gibe, and jest, and mocking words were said;
But he took the nearest hand, and he laid it on his breast,
And he bade it count the pulses, and bade it thence learn rest.

VIII.

The QUEEN—her proud lip curled with scorn, through all those field alarms,
Till SANTERRE came beside her, with the DAUPHIN in his arms:
Then her mien grew still and stately, though she shook in every limb;
Her fear was for her infant—her calmness was for him.

IX.

And then and there I swore SANTERRE should rue that bitter wrong;
And then and there I swore SANTERRE should learn my name ere long;
And that this year should Paris hear of the loyal hearts so true,
In the Vendée and the Bourbonnais, and the woodlands of Poitou.

x.

Now, swore I right, or swore I wrong, it is for you to show;
 For here is the white standard, and yonder is the foe:
 And by your aid, that oath I made — oh, keep it as your own!
 May yet restore (like JOAN'S of yore) the Lilies and the Throne!

xi.

Your pardon, Sirs! the rebel stirs; his vanguard is at hand;
 Let others will, let me fulfil what orders you command;
 What if my years are but nineteen? oh, think what I have seen:
 Oh, think of that insulted KING, and of that hero-QUEEN!

xii.

Then follow me, where'er it be: I make within the foe!
 And if I flinch, or fail one inch, there straightway strike me low:
 And if I fall, swear, one and all, ye will avenge my loss!
 Now charge! for DE LA ROCHEJACQUELIN—for the Heart, and for the Cross!

LOST IN THE TULE.

AN INCIDENT IN CALIFORNIA.

WE were gliding rapidly up the San Joaquin. The night was murky, for the moon had not yet risen, except that now before us, and now remote upon our right, the quarter seeming to shift as we wound our way along the tortuous stream, a glare of light, girdled with dense volumes of smoke, relieved the general gloom, and proclaimed a distant conflagration in the *tule*.

Fire raging in uncontrollable majesty in these juncous marshes, covering them for miles in extent with a sea of flame, is no unusual spectacle to the Californian. Yet familiarity cannot divest it of its grandeur. The ocean waves, tempest-lashed, surge in maddened battalia but to break upon the rocky promontory, or to be thrown back in contemptuous discomfiture from the unyielding ledge. But the march of the fiery billows is resistlessly onward: progress is their life. The affrighted beast, roused in his lair at their terrible approach, summons all his swiftness for the flight; the drapery of nature melts away before their consuming breath; it is as gossamer in a furnace, leaving the charred earth to attest, by its sterile nakedness throughout entire districts, the immensity of their might. These periodical fires furnish displays of sublimity and power which no frequency of occurrence can render common-place or uninteresting.

Weldon and myself leaned upon the hand-rail, smoking our cigars in speculative mood as we gazed over the side. Some observation of mine broke the spell, and, as apposite to the occasion, started the talk upon perilous positions. I was reminded of, and recounted to my companion, an incident which is never recalled but it produces a nervous thrill, (without affecting exaggeration of speech,) excruciating as is to me the shriek-

ing play of the file upon a saw. It occurred some ten years ago, in the interior of Pennsylvania. I was out on a bright, bracing autumn-afternoon of 'one of those heavenly days that cannot die,' for a ramble. I had taken a somewhat extensive circuit over stubble-fields, startling now and then a covey of partridges, or filling with suspicion the bosom of some wary old crow, which, to convince me that he was alert, would at intervals regale me with a devil-may-care caw; and through woods where swaying boughs creaked mournfully, as if bewailing their spoliated foliage, which, eddying, rustled sad monition; while some frisky squirrel, high upon a topmost limb, scarce checked his antics, as if never doubting his security. I do not summon these minutiae to fill up the picture: I relate them because the impression made by that moment of terror has riveted upon my recollection all the accessories. I am not ambitious of word-painting; of shooting humming-birds with the bow of Ulysses.

Day was waning, and as I had several miles to walk in my return, I chose a rail-way track, as an easier and shorter road. I was acquainted with it, and knew I must go through a long dark tunnel. Also aware of the time when the trains up and down passed at this point, I unhesitatingly entered the cavernous mouth, gliding from the light of the outer world into a darkness confirmed by the approaching night. Ordinarily, a few feeble rays could be discerned at the farther extremity, but now all was gloom. I stumbled on, groping my way as best I could; tripping at some stone stubbornly imbedded, or guiding myself with outstretched hand along the cold and slimy side. The ground, too, was damp and oozy—a kind of slippery paste. I half-regretted my selection of route, but the choice was made, and I felt my way slowly along. Through somewhat more than a third of the bore—so I judged, from having come upon a springlet, which issued from a fissure in the rock, falling with a splash quite audible in the prevailing quiet, and which marked about that distance—I was struck with an indistinct notion of a buzzing in the air, but it conveyed no definite idea. Still I could not dismiss it. In a minute or two it seemed swollen into a well-defined hum, but I merely noticed it.

Louder still, and seeming to near: and hark! Good God! can it be that it vibrates along the rail? Pshaw! a mere distempered fancy, bred by the enlivening influence of this ghoulisn corridor. Half-angry at my credulity, I stooped with my ear to the iron bar to listen, impatient to convince myself of error. The result was startling; the resonant metal proclaimed the unwelcome truth! What was to be done? At first I was scarcely self-possessed enough to think; the horror of so suddenly-presented a jeopardy as that which evidently impended, overcame me with the force of paralysis. But it was only for a moment. Buoyancy of spirits quickly succeeded: confusion of thought gave place to reflection. To retrace my steps would be unwise, if not impracticable, lessening the distance between me and the engine I knew to be approaching. By a rapid advance, it might be possible to clear the tunnel before overtaken, yet it was a question. I strove to run. It was dismally dark, and at every few steps there was a projecting wooden sleeper. Nearer, nearer; fast and furious, came on the untiring steed! Escape by flight had become impossible. Should I throw myself flat in the middle of the

track, and trust to being swept over unharmed? Attached to the engine might be a scoop, and then I should be crushed. Was it possible, by planting my back against the wall, and shrinking within the narrowest compass, to avoid the destruction which menaced? The space was very small between the rail and side; it was a desperate risk, but it must be run. The locomotive was within the tunnel; was thundering forward apparently with unslackened speed. Promptitude was imperative. I drew myself up into statue-like rigidity; essayed to shout, but the effort was impotent; drew my coat closely around me; curbed every muscle; even breathed restrainedly, so dreadful was the suspense. I felt as if a hair's-breadth would decide my doom; felt, or fancied, the swiftly-parted air whirled into my face! The ponderous wheels were beside me, grazing me; there was a full-toned rumble. In a moment it grew threateningly sharp; the clatter thrilled my frame: then it had passed, and I was SAFE!

'No doubt intense agony,' remarked Weldon, 'must have cumulated in a few brief moments: yet I know not whether dangers that suddenly present themselves, and are soon over, no matter how imminent, are not less dreadful than the torture of prolonged suspense: when each new phase of peril seems more darkly portentous than its predecessor, is the additional turn of the rack. Such suffering was mine, not far from this very spot, and amid the labyrinths of this very *tule*.'

'I have heard you were once lost in the marshes: I forget now where or when. How did it happen?'

'I must confess, through a lack of prudence, combined with false notions of the face of the country.'

'It was shortly after your arrival, then?'

'Yes; in the fall of 1849. Stockton, you know, at that time, was a town of tents, the growth of a few short months. The newly-invaded solitude had scarcely received the first rude imprints of advancing civilization beyond the limits of the encampment, for it was nothing more. The freshly-opened trails toward the interior had not yet, except in one or two instances, been developed into well-marked roads. Elk and antelope approached fearlessly the outskirts, which at night were noisy with the bark, in discordant chorus, of bands of prowling cayotes. Vividly do I recollect that primitive picture. The steam-boat was not yet upon these virgin waters, and you were forced to crawl lazily along the sinuosities of this crookedest of rivers, in treckschuyt-fashion, upon some cockroach-infested old launch. Into the stream the leaping salmon fell with sudden splash, while upon its undulating surface

"THE black duck, with her glossy breast,
Swung silently."

'The town first showed itself upon its sluggish slough, an expanse of canvas; a kind of whitey-brown exhalation it seemed, risen fog-like from the surrounding fens, surmounted by flags of every date and hue, from fresh to faded. The levee was crowded with a disordered deposit of various merchandize. Here were long rows of pack-saddles, and cigarito-smoking muleteers loading their animals. Here was the rude Mexican cart, with its great solid wooden wheels, creaking along at a snail's-pace after a yoke of gaunt and goaded cattle: while some burly American teamster was piling his wagon with wares, swaggeringly independent and

glumly assiduous. Emigrants were roaming through a perplexity of baggage, or negotiating for the carriage of their traps to the romance-invested *placers*. Monte-tables were surrounded by shabbily-habilimented players from 'the diggings,' who were losing with the utmost nonchalance the first fruits of their golden harvest. Traders bustled about their lucrative pursuits as if each moment was worth a glittering ounce.

'I had engaged a full freight for the Tuolumne, at a high rate, and was ready to depart, when I was notified by the driver, who should have watched the oxen, but who had been 'crapulous' the preceding day, that they were not to be found. This was provoking enough, for the freighters were as impatient of delay as those *Aeneas* saw crowding the shores of Styx, and urged and swore alternately, as if very much in earnest. So, after bestowing a malediction or two upon the neglectful lubber, (who, by-the-bye, was a Chilian, and doubtless repaid me with interest in suppressed *carajos*,) I immediately dispatched a skilful *vaguero* in search for the estrayed animals. About noon he returned unsuccessful, and, being anxious to get upon the road next morning, I determined to penetrate the *tule* and look them up.

'It was the middle of October, and a thick watery haze, which had curtained the heavens and obscured the sun for several days, prevailed. That luminary, indeed, presented a dull coppery appearance, very peculiar, such as is said sometimes to precede earth-quakes and volcanic eruptions, and which I had observed before upon the Pacific coast of South America. Throwing a *sarape* across the saddle, and buckling on my pistol-belt, with its trusty revolver, I mounted a fine-limbed, powerful gray, a recent and pet purchase, and galloped off. Several well-trodden 'trails' opened upon the margin of the *tule*, and, without hesitating to select, I entered one, marking my course by the sun. It had never occurred to me that a pocket-compass might prove useful; but in the end I learned to estimate the value of the faithful needle in the all-pervading uniformity of a bog as extensive as many a German principality. I rode on in no very good humor, peering about inquiringly, running my eye along innumerable lanes through the long dense growth of reed, (in height from seven to twelve feet,) made by the wild and stray animals that crossed and re-crossed each other in the most irregular and puzzling manner. Occasionally a slough would intercept all farther progress; and this would have been oftener the case, were it not that there had been no rain for many months.

'Not finding the objects of my search, and the day declining, I concluded at last, reluctantly, to relinquish the pursuit, and make the best of my way home. Suspecting no difficulty in effecting an exit, I trotted briskly over the soft loam, satisfied that I should be in camp before dark, and disposed, by the incitings of a pretty vigorous appetite, to speculate upon the probable character of the supper-fare; thinking, as it usually consisted of very tough beef, very heavy bread, (served hot to enhance its value,) pickles, tomato-ketchup, beans, and a dirty-brown decoction, christened 'coffee,' which looked like a mild infusion of pulverized coffin-lids, it might be now and then slightly varied with considerable advantage.

'I soon became surprised at the little apparent head-way I was making, and was unable to reconcile it with the rate of speed I had maintained.

Night was nearing; the sun was dipping low, and was barely to be seen in outline through the thickening shroud. There would be no twilight; when the darkness came, it would pall the scene suddenly. Neither did the moon rise until toward morning, and, if belated, I should be in an exceedingly unpleasant situation, to make the best of it; so I spurred on, sanguine of a timely extrication.

The vapors, dank and chilling, began to rise, and my *sarape* was brought into requisition. Yet there was no appearance of an opening upon the plain, although I was confident of having come over considerably more than the necessary space to return, supposing the course to have been direct. I grew seriously alarmed. For aught I knew, I might ride all night the same eternal ambit, without gaining a foot aright; indeed, be lost for days, should the smoky weather continue, suffering greatly from exposure and hunger; I might even starve; for even of such casualties I had heard from the trappers.

In this state of distressing incertitude, though constantly moving, the darkness suddenly shut down upon me. The sky at first slate-colored, became dusker and dusker: not the twinkle of a star was to be seen. I felt my fate for the present fixed. The ground I was traversing was pretty firm, but the water-courses were numerous, and my horse, unable to see, might become mired, when I would be compelled to abandon him, should it fortunately be in my power. This reflection had scarcely crossed my mind when he stumbled, and was thrown upon his knees, nearly dislodging me from the saddle, and imparting to my nerves an intensely disagreeable shock. Upon my feet in an instant, I discovered a bulging object in the path, which proved to be the bloated carcass of a mule, upon which a horde of cayotes had been regaling, and, disturbed in their repast, hovered howling about, sometimes approaching in their covert, slinking way. The interruption determined me to halt. I was extremely thirsty, yet afraid to venture in search of a slough, so with a pocket-knife I cut some rushes, extemporized a couch, hobbled my horse, farther secured him by a tie of the *riata* upon the saddle, which was converted into a pillow, and flung myself down, not to sleep, but maintain watch and ward until morning.

Slowly and dismally passed the hours. The wolves loped inquisitively around; a legion of frogs kept up their infernal crocotation; and once or twice some deer stalked by on their way to water. Day at last came lagging up the east; a moist, cold, dirty dawn, with the mist thicker than yesterday. Heavy from vigil, and suffering from cramp, I got up, saddled, and mounted.

I could not decide the course proper to pursue: I was completely bewildered. In the midst of my hesitation, a clue was furnished me. A flock of geese, in marshalled array, as they move when on the wing for continued flight, passed over. Their track being naturally southward, enabled me to infer the other quarters, and select that which I was convinced must be the right one. I followed it; but I could not proceed in a straight line, the sloughs often compelling me to turn or deviate. Thus in the end I lost all notion of the cardinal points, and was again at fault. The pervading stillness which prevailed aggravated my loneliness, and disheartened me in no ordinary degree. No breeze rustled the reeds;

there was no wing-flutter of startled bird; no 'sough' of water; not even an insect-chirrup. A motion, a voice, any evidence of vitality apart from the sedge sameness, would have enlivened me as never did the glow of glancing lights, the inspiring harmony of bounding feet, or the rugged enthusiasm of some old martial song. A solemn Idumean hush was over all.

'The longings of hunger began to prevail, and grew at last distressingly importunate. No sustenance had passed my lips for eight-and-thirty hours. At a later period, I experienced to the full the pangs of protracted abstinence. At one moment a greedy desire for food; then avidity, yielding to a dull and sickening sense of emptiness.

'In fruitless wandering sped the day. Agitated reflection, and fitful, perturbed slumber, wore away the night. How leaden-footed were those dismal hours! Cheerlessly the light of morning broke again. The strong gripe of another day of unspeakable misery was upon me.

'I will not dwell upon the contradictory sensations that agitated me that day, as hope and fear alternated: it will ever loom gloomily in the calendar of my past. With the dim light I managed to find water, and assuage thirst. I remember that the puddle, although it had a sluggish efflux, was black, thick with vegetable matter half-decayed; and covered with a viscid slime; but it was not regarded then. Tobacco for a while had afforded invaluable solace, but it occasioned at length distressing dryness and heat of the fauces, and I was compelled to relinquish its use. I substituted a coin for the purpose of provoking salivation, for at last I drank the water sparingly, having been seized with violent retching, which I supposed it had produced.

'I recollect finding myself at one time upon a spot slightly elevated and clear of reeds; a kind of island-oasis in the seemingly interminable ocean of desolation around. There was grass, and it seemed that in the spring it had been rife with flowers, for the crisp capsules hung on withered stalks, and there were yet some in bloom; while bunches of wild sage filled the air with an herby odor. I paused awhile, allowing my horse to snatch a few mouthfuls, and was tempted to remain for rest: but inaction would bring no relief, so I passed on.

'Night again approached, filling me with maddening apprehension, and almost unmanly despair. A sense of impending destruction, not by some terrible and terminating stroke, but by an agonizing, lingering death, overwhelmed me. If such was to be my fate, I welcomed, ay, *cherished* the idea, that insanity would seize upon me, and cloud the last dreadful moments of my life! I seemed bereft of every possibility of deliverance. Hope with her suggestions, soothing though illusive, fled me utterly.

'Toward dusk I mustered sufficient energy to fasten my horse insecurely to a hassock, but in an attempt to release the saddle I was foiled. I was too weak to loose the girth. I was feverish, and must have water; no matter how impure, so it were water. I could have lapped from a carrion-tainted pool. I tottered in search of it, feebly nicking the canes as I went, as marks to guide me in my return. Finding a slough larger than any yet encountered, after some difficulty I discovered a place where it was practicable to drink. The margin was trodden by numerous hoofs, and from the cavities thus formed I scooped the muddy fluid. I straggled back and dropped upon the earth in utter desperation.

'I lay awake in a state of great excitement for several hours, until, becoming overpowered, I fell into a broken slumber. Some noise aroused me. I felt slightly refreshed, while a flicker of hope exhilarated me. A few stars were visible, shining with sickly glimmer. My mind was tossed in a series of fluctuations: at one moment comparatively elate, it was sunk the next by some conclusion of despair.

"The mildewed ear blasted its wholesome brother."

Once memories of home, of beloved faces, of kindly words and affectionate ministrations, keenly possessed me, and I do not blush to avow that I wept: not tears of weakness, not selfish tears, but the gushing of a heart deeply stirred.

'A rustling near by attracted my attention. An animal, a few yards off, had stopped to gaze: it seemed a doe. I hurriedly grasped the pistol; my trembling touch was on the trigger: I fired. With a bound the creature turned and fled. I think it was slightly wounded, but I do not know: my aim was unsteady. I did not rue the failure: a sense rather of sarcasm predominated. I had no strength, no fire; my fate was sealed; what could I want with meat? Was suffering so sweet that I should strive to prolong it? I had heard of dying wretches sucking the warm life-stream even as it flowed from the gaping gash, and going mad. *That* indeed would be a comfort.

'After another interval—how long I know not, having lost all conception of time—a measured sound fell upon my ear. It resembled the regular stroke of oars; and yet—I might *yet* be saved! I heard them distinctly thumping in the row-locks. I arose, flung away blanket and pistol, and eagerly made toward the slough. The cheering sounds came with increased clearness: a boat was evidently approaching. Then flashed the stunning possibility that, after all, I might not be rescued. Disordered fancy, as if anxious to appal, pictured the boatmen returning my supplications with gibes, laughing at my entreaties, gloating over my agony. But a little longer, and I believe I should have been irrecoverably crazed.

'As the skiff neared, I shouted: the men rested on their oars and halloed back. I proclaimed that I was perishing, and urged them, for God's sake, to help. I promised large reward and lasting gratitude. I have no doubt the appeal to their humanity would have sufficed, but the prospective guerdon stimulated them. With difficulty I was dragged through the quagmire and taken aboard. It is needless to add, that I was completely exhausted; that my appearance had undergone an entire change; that my nervous system had lost its balance: that I was, in short, like one snatched from the dead. A few days of quiet served to restore me in part, when I departed for the interior, where the bracing mountain air and game-diet expedited a complete recovery.'

Poor Weldon! But the other day I observed an announcement of his death by erysipelas upon the Stanislaus. Many months had elapsed since I saw him, although, in answer to inquiries, I heard of his well-merited success. Courage, candor, and generosity were his in an unusual degree. How often

'DEATH prefers a shining mark!'

San Francisco.

YADSSAG.

THE DEAR ONES GONE BEFORE US.

BY EDWIN R. CAMPBELL.

THERE, when Life's brief voyage is over,
 When this narrow sea is crossed,
 When the elements recover
 All of thee that may be lost;
 There those dear ones gone before thee
 Through those portals, thou shalt meet;
 Softer skies shall hover o'er thee,
 Brighter flowers shall bless thy feet.

GEORGE W. CUTLER.

LIFE is but an empty bubble
 Floating down the stream of time,
 Whirled about by eddying trouble,
 Dashed upon rude shore and clime.

Soon its substance frail is shattered,
 And each evanescent hue
 Upon the billowy spray is scattered,
 Or mingled with the ether blue.

That frail bubble, richly freighted,
 Thus dashed and broken, shall arise,
 And, to other spheres translated,
 Shall paint the rainbow in the skies.

Its hues on earth, so evanescent,
 Shall light the pilgrim's holiest shrine;
 Its halved circles round the crescent
 Shall with rays of glory shine:

All its earthly, fleeting sparkle,
 Gathered to those realms on high,
 'Mid eternal orbs shall darkle
 In the illimitable sky.

Why then ceaseless should we grovel,
 Toiling all for pelf or fame,
 Inmates alike of hall or hovel,
 Following the ignis-fatuus flame

That through the sloughs below misleads us
 From the path of right and duty,
 While evil spirits there shall feed us
 With wild dreams of wanton beauty?

And when lured thus far astray,
 Where light and truth are both denied us,
 From above there comes a ray,
 That alone aright will guide us.

Spurning earth, let's look above us,
 To that over-arching dome,
 Where those angel-stars that love us
 Shall light us as we're coming home.

For in those brilliant orbs that shine
With Heaven's pure, celestial ray,
Are links to bind us to the shrine
That lights up one eternal day.

When our footsteps then are stealing
From the paths of love and right,
The true to us they are revealing,
In their own pure spirits' light.

Those of earth by love enshrined
Are now beaming lights immortal,
And in that brilliant cluster twined
Around Heaven's spotless portal.

Those bright orbs now beaming o'er us
In that blue o'er-arching sky,
Are the loved ones gone before us,
To point us to their homes on high.

T H E P O E T R Y O F P R A E D .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE great object and purpose of poetry is, no doubt, to exert a truly beneficial effect upon the moral or the intellectual man. Its grandest aim is to inculcate a useful lesson or enforce a pure philosophy by clothing sound thoughts in an attractive garb, and recommending them to the indifferent mind by a certain melody and rhythm. And poetry, therefore, must be studied as a profession, and cultivated as an art, if its noble end is to be realized and its genius fully displayed. The great poet must be a man *sui generis*. He must understand and follow out the motive of his being in reference to his one high pursuit alone. And yet there are those, richly deserving to be ranked among the 'tuneful throng,' who have never yet done this; there is a verse which can move the heart and purify the mind, though it never loudly asserts its claims upon public admiration; a verse whose spirit, though it may be deficient in poetic grandeur, yet, by making us laugh and weep in sympathy together, softens the asperities of human life, and renders us far happier in each other's society. Truly does the ocean of song ever send forth a most glorious sound, but we feel that the cheerful ripple of the bright streamlet is sweet and pleasant to the ear. To fully enjoy the creations of a great poet, we must, as it were, be poets ourselves. Unless our own emotions are assimilated to those of the writer, we cannot, unimpassioned as we are, appreciate those thoughts upon which his mind has long dwelt with the fervid enthusiasm of inspiration. And thus it is not difficult to analyze that sensation of satisfaction with which we turn to a certain familiar

kind of poetry whose melody seems the echo of all the better feelings of our every-day life. We have all of us tastes and predilections peculiar to ourselves; certain fancies, perhaps, to which we rarely give utterance in language, but always cherish in our hearts. And when we meet with these very ideas arranged in the becoming dress of poetic imagery, they seem at once so natural that we desire to become better acquainted with the poet, and to make him our friend. Will, then, the readers of this magazine allow me the pleasure of introducing to them such a poet; a poet perhaps already partially known to a few, yet almost entirely forgotten in the literary world—WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD.

That indefatigable compiler, Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, published a few years ago, in the city of New-York, a compilation of several of the productions of this English author, but little read on this side of the Atlantic, yet in his own country very generally appreciated as at once an imaginative and a humorous writer. A few copies of this edition may still be met with in our book-stores; but as far as any acquaintance with his effusions is concerned, the name of Præd is to most of us quite unknown. As to Mr. Præd's private and public life, but little can be told. Eton was the stage upon which he made his début as a literary character, and the 'Etonian,' of which he was the principal editor, certainly bears witness to a higher order of genius than usually falls to the lot of the school-boy. We hear of him next at Cambridge, where he soon acquired distinction as a successful versifier; and subsequently to his graduation we find him connected with Mr. Macaulay at London, in the conduct of 'Knight's Quarterly' Magazine. A short time before his death, he entered Parliament, and was fast rising to eminence when he died, a comparatively young man, in July, 1839.

As to Mr. Præd's character, if we can read it in his works, he must have been a most agreeable companion and delightful acquaintance. He evidently wrote chiefly for his own amusement and that of his friends; and while his productions are characterized in general by a pleasant gayety and sparkling humor, there runs through them a vein of imaginative beauty and grace indicative of true poetic talent. Often, too, in pathetic passages he will touch the cord of sympathy in such a manner as to evince no want of good feeling and generous sentiment, and his playful criticisms on society show that he was well acquainted with the ways of the world. There is no effort apparent throughout his writings, but the flow of his verse is ever smooth and natural; and as we read, we are constantly lured on by finding ourselves almost unconsciously sympathizing with the emotions of the poet. Such, we think, was Præd's poetical character. For a confirmation of our opinion, let us turn to those passages of his poems which will best illustrate his peculiarities of style.

His most celebrated production is that entitled 'Lillian,' which, as an imaginative piece of composition, has hardly been surpassed. The circumstances under which it was written were very singular. A female friend, at an evening-party in Cambridge, endeavored to confound the poet by proposing as a subject for his muse this apparently inexplicable riddle:

'A DRAGON'S tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart.'

On such a foundation was he to build! Yet upon so strange a theme did he rear the most beautiful of his creations. He begins with a description of his dragon:

'THERE was a dragon in ARTHUR's time,
When dragons and griffins were voted 'prime,'
Of monstrous reputation.'

The monster is represented as making great havoc among the valiant knights of the country, but as evincing symptoms of disgust whenever a monk came in his way:

'IRON and steel, for an early meal,
He stomached with ease, or the muse is a liar;
But out of all question, he failed in digestion,
If ever he ventured to swallow a friar.'

The poet then goes on to describe the manner in which the beast 'chanced to fall in with the Headless Lady.' This lady's father had once unconsciously offended a fairy in disguise, who in return had cursed him as follows:

'THOU hast an infant in thine home!
Never to her shall reason come,
For weeping or for wail,
Till she shall ride with a fearless face
On a living dragon's scale,
And fondly clasp to her heart's embrace
A living dragon's tail.'

The imprecation is fulfilled. The father died, and 'the witless child grew up alone.' Then follows a most exquisite description of the heroine:

'BEAUTIFUL shade, with her tranquil air,
And her thin white arm, and her flowing hair;
And the light of her eye, so boldly obscure;
And the hue of her cheek so pale and pure!'

It is by such a creation that the poet overcomes the first great difficulty of his subject: for

— 'HENCE the story had ever run,
That the fairest of dames was a *headless* one.'

By her 'wild, and sweet, and roving song,' she had made a complete conquest of the dragon aforesaid, whom she met in her wanderings, and who soon became her constant attendant and humble servant. But the second part of the fairy's prophecy is to be accomplished. A knight who had heard of Lillian's strange situation, enlightened as to her destiny by an oracle, at length comes to deliver her. He slowly approaches the spot where the dragon lay, by the side of his mistress. He gazes with mingled love and wonder at the strange spectacle; and then, instead of rushing upon the beast with spear or battle-axe, instead of attacking him according to the most approved methods of ancient romance:

'INSTEAD of drawing his sword from his sheath,
He drew a pepper-box!'

Throwing the contents of this most novel implement of offence into the eyes of the monster, the latter rises suddenly in his rage into the air; but, 'blinded with pepper and blinded with wrath,' falls heavily to the earth again in a trance, from which he did not awake until the knight had 'lopped and flayed the tail he wore.' The maiden, who had gazed with mingled terror and delight upon the young warrior in his burnished armor, now lifts up the 'pilfered scale' and binds it about

her 'in mimicry of warlike pride.' Instantaneous and wonderful is the effect :

'GORG is the spell that bound her!
The talisman hath touched her heart;
And she leaps with a fearful and fawn-like start,
As the shades of glamory depart;
Strange thoughts are glimmering round her;
Deeper and deeper her cheek is glowing;
Quicker and quicker her breath is flowing;
And her eye gleams out from its long, dark lashes,
Fast and full, unnatural flashes;
For hurriedly and wild
Doth reason pour her hidden treasures
Of human griefs and human pleasures
Upon her new-found child.'

Thus we have the final fulfilment of the imprecation. The maiden's heart is warmed, and the lover, of course, receives his reward.

From this imperfect glance at 'Lillian,' upon which the poet's reputation chiefly rests, let us turn to the remainder of his effusions, and consider them under two heads: first, those which are more particularly humorous in their character; and secondly, those more distinguished for their quiet grace and beauty. In the 'every-day characters' we find, perhaps, the best illustrations of the first class. In the 'Vicar' we meet with the following :

'He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth or started error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.'

And again :

'He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking.
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.'

The character of 'Quince' is, we think, a very natural one. We may now and then meet men who correspond exactly with the following :

'ASYLUMS, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were meant to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,
And he subscribed to half a dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.'

There is a simplicity in the concluding verse which redeems, to a great extent, a slight impiety, which might offend 'the most fastidious.'

'WHETHER I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like PRIAM, food for vermin.
My debts are paid; but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection.
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!'

In the 'Troubadour' we find a most excellent description of Richard Cœur de Lion, which contains, in a few lines, the gist of that strangely-

mixed character upon which historians and novelists have delighted to dwell :

‘A Ponderous thing was RICHARD’S can,
And so was RICHARD’S boot;
And Saracens and liquor ran
Where’er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jewelled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarrelling to quaffing;
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That SALADIN and SOLDAN said,
Whene’er that mad-cap RICHARD led,
ALLAH! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!’

The poet encountered at a ball a young lady belonging to that large class of persons who delight, in their conversation, to dilate endlessly upon the fluctuations of the atmosphere and the phenomena of storms; in short, whose sole theme is ‘the weather.’ He essays in vain many subjects of general interest, and at last leaves his fair partner in despair. After setting forth her beauty of person, her prospects of fortune, and her accomplishments, he concludes with the following offset to all these advantages :

‘BUT to be linked for life to her!
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a barometer,
And hang himself beside it!’

But humor is not the only sphere of the poet. There is a lively grace in most of his effusions, which always charms the reader, and sometimes, mingled with it, a most welcome pathos. This spirit, strange though it may appear, seems to be the peculiar gift of humorous poets. Beside the sparkling stream of wit flows the more peaceful current of graceful and tender feeling. We watch with pleasure the course of each; yet when the two unite, the conjunction is by no means unnatural. While our fancy is pleased, the best feelings of our nature are gratified, and often a most useful moral lesson is inculcated. Let us exemplify this in the writings of the poet before us. In the ‘Vicar,’ before alluded to, that benevolence of heart which is best seen in an humble sphere is thus described :

‘And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer’s homely wit,
And share the widow’s homelier pottage:
At his approach Complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.’

From a lively piece, entitled ‘Good Night,’ we select this passage, which will, we think, be appreciated by every one, whether of a sentimental or a practical turn of mind :

‘THERE are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o’er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When Memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.’

In 'Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine,' the contrast is carried out with great spirit and skill :

'I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The old year went with mourning by,
The new came dancing after:
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Muses to wait on the funeral state,
Pages to pour the wine;
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!'

In 'Memory,' which should be quoted at length, there is a grandeur as well as beauty of sentiment which most forcibly indicates the true poet. We select two verses :

'SLEEP where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

'Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed for ever:
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
'Tis pleasant to remember!'

It would be a pleasure to us to quote to a greater extent from 'The Bridal of Belmont,' 'The Troubadour,' 'The Red Fisherman,' 'The Legend of the Haunted Tree,' 'Gog,' and, indeed, from all of the longer productions of the poet, but our present limits forbid. We only say, that in each and all we find the same happy union of pleasantry and pathos, satire and good humor. We conclude, therefore, our brief critique, if so it may be called.

We do not claim for Mr. Praed the highest order of poetic attainment. He was not a philosophical poet, like Coleridge, nor a reformer, like Hood. Versifying was his exercise and amusement, not his profession. Rhymes were to him rather play-things than the tools of an art. But his poetry is the poetry of our every-day life; his verse the utterance of certain emotions, common perhaps to us all, but no less to be cherished in the heart. For it is not the language of a cynical philosophy, but a voice which calls upon us to laugh rather than sneer at the follies of the world, and now and then, perhaps, to shed an honest tear in sympathy with a simplicity and gentleness of disposition not yet, we are thankful, entirely ideal in this selfish sphere. And now, readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, have you been bored by the short conversation which you have held with our friend Mr. Praed? I know that literary criticisms are in general tiresome, but I have been brief; and am I asking too much when I beg you to join with me in the hope that the works of this popular poet may soon be published in full in England, and you and I may read them in spirit together?

New-Haven, January 16th, 1852.

H Y M N

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A CHURCH.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

I.

O Thou, whose hands omnipotent
The pillars of the earth uphold;
Who with a blessing kindly bent
O'er Israel's holy fanes of old!
Great Source of Being! stoop to-day
From Thy far-off, eternal throne,
While, in THINE awful name, we lay
With reverent hands this corner-stone!

II.

For 'tis to THEE the fane we rear
Whose sacred walls shall on it rest,
That song and prayer, from year to year,
May rise from many a grateful breast.
The forest huge of dateless time
Hath shorn its strength to arch the dome;
The towering rock of age sublime
Bowed down to build our Sabbath-home.

III.

And years shall pass, while duly still
Our thronging feet its aisles shall tread;
Then, as with reverent hearts we kneel,
Oh, be Thy blessing on us shed!
Instruct our souls, by cares distraught,
How they the better way may learn;
Inspire them with serener thought,
When grief or passion in them burn!

IV.

Years still shall pass; and, as they glide
Adown the narrowing stream of time,
Our children's children, side by side,
Will hearken to the Sabbath-chime;
And bending hitherward their feet,
Their homage at Thy shrine to pay,
Will talk of us who bore the heat
For them, and burden of the day.

V.

Years still shall pass! Hoar age shall file
With noiseless tooth the massive stone,
Till low shall lie this sacred pile,
In shapeless ruin overthrown:
While from a higher, loftier dome,
Our spirits o'er the wreck shall gaze,
And in the soul's eternal home
Its being's SOURCE for ever praise!

T O ——— .

AFFECTION makes us timid, dear!
 And though my feet may fly thee,
 My conscious soul still draws more near,
 And trembling lingers by thee:
 And I am always near to thee,
 Whate'er, where'er thou art;
 For though I cannot follow thee,
 I see thee with my heart.

A. S. W.

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

'La luz de la razon es un admirable don del cielo, guía soberana para acertar en el camino de la felicidad, y no imagines que es opinion de los hombres sujeta á capricho, á variedad, ó á error. No, es una voz divina, un eco de la verdad eterna!'

T. DE ALMEIDA.

'Wouldn't you like to take a look round town this evening, Sir? I know the ropes as well as any man, and where the 'buffers' are. I'll take care that nobody RINGS INTO YOU.'

BEAU HICKMAN.

THERE is a curious variety of literature, which, as it is found in every country, will bear, and consequently merits, examination and classification: I mean those *vida tunantesca*, hop-and-go-dirty, tag-rag and bob-tail, outside romances and biographies, which so generally hold a sort of slovenly immortality in the red republic of letters. Such, for example, is the life of Bamfylde Moore, Carew, Defoe's Captain Jack, Jonathan Wilde, etc., the highest *popular* type of which in English, is Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, La Vie de Cartouche, Memoires de Vidocq, Casanova de Seingalt, with an immense library of others in French, and the so-called *picaresque* Spanish novels, such as Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, and Quevedo's 'Adventures of a Sharper.' Of which, in a literary point of view, the latter are by far the best.

It may be objected, that a vigorous continuation of illustrations might demand that I also include Gil Blas, Schiller's Robbers, and in poetry a few dashes from Don Juan, the Corsair. To which I indignantly reply, that I allude to the roots which stick in the mud, and not the umbrageous branches which lift their shady summits, laden with golden fruit and similar sauce, to the cerulean firmament above. True, they are not by any means the neatest works in existence. But as Science kindly permits her votaries vivisection, and the analysis of kakodyle, so Literature may, at times, allow her children the privilege of *criticism*, and even of discussing such productions as these.

But if you think that I intend discussing them, you're mistaken. Yet, as I was glancing over, this evening, one or two of these melancholy, dirty, dreary, forlorn, cloudy, sorrowful productions, which, as a class, have a decided flavor of greasy leaden spoons and warm dish-water, I could not help thinking how far mistaken their authors were, to imagine that because low life presented certain incongruities and peculiarities, not

to be found in the land of soap and towels, it must necessarily be intensely redolent of wit and humor. A sad mistake, and yet not an uncommon one, among would-be fast men.

If I can ever get to the idea I meant to have started with, I would say that the reader who has ever examined the putrefactions of this nature, found in the Spanish strata, must have observed that, when other resources fail, the hero not unfrequently takes to showing strangers around the town, running errands, conducting intrigues, *carrotéeing* on commissions, and other similar efforts of genius; functions which, at the present day, are fulfilled on the Continent by a class of outlaws, known as *valets de place*, or *Lohndieners*.

The only valet-de-place I ever met with, who pretended to have a religion, was an old fellow who, for aught I know, is even yet hanging round the Grand Hotel of the '*Drei Mohren*,' or '*Three Niggers*,' in Augsburg. And, to tell the truth, I only *heard* of this one. The Wolf wanted a valet-de-place for something or other, when the Frenchified head-waiter informed him that he was heart-broken and agonized at being obliged to say that the gentleman must wait half an hour before the proper functionary could be found. 'But is there not another valet-de-place about?' asked Wolf. '*Mais oui*, yes, there was another old fellow,' replied the waiter, shrugging his shoulders, closing his eyes, and shaking his head slowly, as if apologizing for some incurable defect or vice: 'but he would not suit Monsieur: he is, unfortunately, *pious*!'

After all, it might have been only a malicious lie on the part of the head-waiter, to blacken and destroy the poor old man's character. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because the waiter, observing the facility with which we both swallowed this almost incredible choker, proceeded to 'paint the lily' by narrating a romantic little fiction about the old valet's being at that very instant in church, and, very probably, praying——on his knees!

Now I put it to the reader, was not this 'cutting it entirely too fat,' although it did happen at the time to be Sunday?

Not but that a valet-de-place can '*come*' a religion in double-quick time, if expedient. I have known one to be suddenly converted to Judaism when reminded, after a long tramp, of the curious coincidence of its being Friday, and nearly sun-down. But if he suspects his employer of religious tendencies, his own devotion becomes truly edifying. I shall not soon forget the incident which occurred to Mr. S., a worthy Hinglishman, *doing* the Continent with family and servants. S. had been informed, on credible authority, that any persons who should venture to smoke while passing a sentinel, or omit to take off their hats before a church, would be, if not immediately shot or arrested, at least the subjects of great scandal to all loyal and pious citizens. For which reason, Mr. S. kept a bright look-out for churches, and bowed in passing with so much unction, that the pious Catholic by-standers were loud in his praise, and unanimously swore that, though an Englishman, he was evidently a Christian, and not a Protestant. So that all went very well for a day or two: when one morning, in a fit of absence of mind, passing by the house of Lola Montes, then Countess of Landsfeldt, he glanced hurriedly up, and, mistaking the building for a small church, or at least a chapel,

quickly removed his hat, in which act of devotion he was at once seconded by all the gentlemen of the party, including the *valet-de-place*, who, in the excess of his piety, almost bowed to the ground.

'But such devotion endureth never.' Which observation, as you were about very justly to remark, reader, is what the pious Friar *Gerundio de Zerotes*, in his sermons, would term a '*Perogrullada*,' or Peter Grullo's truth; *id est*, a truism, or a well-known truth, which is a truth known to every body:

'No hay puta ne ladron,
Que tenga su devocion.'

To which a Roman *valet-de-place*, or commissario, might reply from Machiavelli, '*Non vi bisogna che tu abbia tutte le qualita che ho detto (religion) ma solamente che tu mostri d' averle.*' 'Tis not absolutely necessary for a gentleman to be religious, but highly *expedient* for him to appear so.' Which wretched maxim being thoroughly despised by all genuine, jolly good-fellows, I turn over to the readers of *Chesterfield* or *Pope*, the admirers of *Bernini* in sculpture, of *Boucher* and *Vander Werff* in painting, and that most exquisite of idyllo-mythologic styles in architecture, known as the *Rococo*, or *Baroque*, of the golden age of *Louis XV.*

But to return to my *valets-de-place*. One morning, in this same city of *Munich*, while returning from the Royal Library, with a wearisome big folio under my arm, urged partly by fatigue and partly by a nervous eagerness to dip into the contents of said book, I entered an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned coffee-house, and, while waiting for the *bier* which, in a genuine Bavarian *kneip*, is always brought without order immediately to the guest, busied myself with leafing over my new acquisition. At the next table sat five of the same scamps I have been speaking of; and having already employed two or three of them at different times on little affairs, I was profoundly greeted by the whole party on my entrance. Knowing me, therefore, to be a stranger, and presuming on my ignorance of their abominable *patois*, they kept on conversing in the same high, South-German pitch, without reserve or caution.

'A' what did you yesterday, *Bua?*' said the oldest and keenest of the five, to a somewhat younger comrogue.

'I had a young English yellow-bill (green-horn) to trot about town,' was the reply; 'and I must show him every thing, all at once. And I went to have his passport *viséed*, and found that he was to leave town early this morning. So, when we came to the *Glyptothek* (gallery of statues) and the *Pinacothek*, (picture-gallery,) I told him that they were closed on Monday, and that no one could enter without a special order; but that if he would give the porters each a florin, and promise to say nothing about it, I could get him in: which he did, and I afterward shared with them. And he read all the while in his red-covered guide-book, and at last hit, I suppose, on the place which tells that the *valets-de-place* are such great scamps, and in league with all the shop-keepers.'

Here the narrator was interrupted by a general roar of laughter, and the party, draining their *mass'ls*, clapped down simultaneously the *deckels* or lids, as a summons for more. And while puffing at his pipe, he continued:

'So, looking very cunning, he asked me if I could tell him a good place to buy some linen. So I drew up indignantly, and told him that the business of a cicerone was to show strangers curiosities, and works of art, or to interpret French and English, but not to hunt up shops, and that he must ask the landlord for that.'

'Then he appeared quite astonished, and, changing his tone, said that he did not want any linen, but would like to buy a new carpet-bag, and some other little items, and would take it as a great favor if I would, only for once, just recommend an honest dealer. And I answered, 'that I had never done such a thing before, but as he was to leave town to-morrow, (for which I was thankful in my heart,) I would take him to a very honest man in the Kaufinger Gasse:' which I did, and we squeezed three prices out of him, of which I got one. Then, as he had full reliance on my honesty, and was too tired to go himself, he sent me to ask of the banker what was the premium on English gold. So I guessed what was coming, and when I had learned from Herr von Hirsch's clerk that it was 3.18, I returned and reported 1.18. Then he sent me with a rouleau of guineas to sell for him, so that, praise the Lord and our Lady of Altotting! I made a good day's work of it.'

'*Bischt a gauza Kerl, du schlaua, sackrischa, abgedrehte Beschti!* complete finished fox that you are!' cried the elder valet. 'Heaven send such days daily, and eight times a week in Lent! HURRAH FOR STRANGERS!'

These last three words he expressed distinctly in good German, for my gratification. I continued to pore over my book.

'And you, *Casperl*,' was now asked of another, 'blows the wind straight or crooked?'

'Pretty fair. My bird yesterday was a Frenchman, and not so much of a fool as one could wish. He trotted through the picture-gallery with his cane run up the sleeve of his coat, and the end hidden in his handkerchief, in order to save the three kreutzers (two cents) which he ought to have given the porter for taking care of it. But he looked hard, and talked loosely about the Venuses, and such like, so I soon found where the shoe pinched. Then he gave me a glass of beer at Schnitzerl's, and talked all the while, fast as lightning, about the nobility and immorality of Munich. Then he asked me if I thought a gentleman could make any bonnes fortunes here, among the beautiful ladies. So I would not answer him at once, but began by explaining how deeply we *valets-de-place* were implicated and concerned in all the secrets of the nobility and gentry, being their confidential messengers!'

Here a general burst of laughter unanimously proclaimed the richness of this last lie, on the strength of which, the party ventured a drink all round, and again clapped the mug-covers.

'My Frenchman listened attentively, but was not green enough to pin his faith to any thing. But when I hinted at a certain charming Countess, who, to my positive knowledge through her *femme-de-chambre*, had been very susceptible and sentimental since the death of her late husband, who had left her *in very moderate circumstances*, I could see my Frenchman begin to kindle.

'*Eh diable!*' said he; 'but how must we arrange it, then, to console the fair widow?'

"Oh, there are fifty ways; but, Monsieur understands, the thing must be done delicately, *doucement*: the family pride—honor, you know!"

"Here my Frenchman struck his heart, and shut his eyes and mouth, smiling horribly:

"*Au reste*, Monsieur knows that in our free-and-easy city we have less fiddle-faddle and ceremony, and acquaintances are more readily made than in Paris. I will contrive that you knock at her suite of rooms; the girl will admit you, (but I must pay her something handsome, of course;) you will see Madame, and inquire if there are not apartments in the house to let. She adores the French; and if, with the appearance and manners of Monsieur——"

"Here my Frenchman gave a yell of delight, and jumped with joy. I kept on:

"For if I were not perfectly certain, from Monsieur's aristocratic air and elegant style, of his success, I would never have ventured to aid him in obtaining such a splendid '*bonne fortune*.' Of course, Monsieur knows that the valets-de-place generally do nothing of the kind for the ordinary run of strangers, who come and go, and *pay* and *share* alike."

"Here my Frenchman broke in with, '*Sois content, mon garçon*.' Be content, my boy; if you can play Leporello well, I am quite as capable of the rôle of Don Juan.' And as he, of course, with his head full of the Countess, could look at nothing and think of nothing else, I had an easy day's work of it. So, in the evening——"

"But who the devil *was* the Countess?" simultaneously cried the entire company.

"H'm—h'm! that is my business. However, one *Lohndiener* must not play against another, and spoil trade; so I'll tell you, if you'll do as much for me another time. It was Frau Von ——, who keeps the fancy-store in the —— strasse."

"So!" cried one: "but she really *has* a title."

"Yes, and so has the Baron SULZBECK, and the swine who runs errands at the *Ober Pollinger*. But the title is all *wurst*, (of no importance;) and you know what '*poor, proud, and pretty*' comes to in Munich. Well, my Frenchman had sense enough to know, that though a man may be close in other items, he should n't be mean where women are concerned; so I got from him a gold Caroline for the waiting-maid, one for myself, and, if the *Frau* only plays her cards well, Heaven knows how much for us all."

"*Nu', dös war nôt übel*," (not so bad,) '*Pompös*, (splendid,) '*Gratulir*,' (I congratulate you,) were the compliments elicited by the recital of this master-piece of honorable talent. But the silence which ensued was presently broken by the *oldest* villain himself, who remarked:

"I didn't make much money myself yesterday; but what I did get was easily earned, for I was paid for doing nothing."

"*So; wahrhaft!*" '*Really!*' cried the confederacy.

"Yes; I served Government; that is, the police, curse their souls! Four or five days since, the Herr Inspektor came to me, and said: 'Tomorrow, a tall gentleman, a Badensor, now on his way hither from Zurich, will arrive at your hotel. He is a political refugee, and will attempt, under the assumed name of Starkenberg, to re-visit his wife and children

in Carlsruhe. Give him early in the morning this note, and, when he demands a valet-de-place, see that the man whom I shall send here, and no other, serves him.' So I waited, and when the gentleman arrived, gave him the billet.'

'But you read it first?'

'*Versteht sich*—of course. It was a forged invitation from the Herr ———, whom the police watch so much, to attend a private, liberal, or revolutionary meeting in the evening; place not designated; to be told him by the *valet*, in whom, he was informed, he might implicitly confide.'

'Ha! ha! ha! poor devil!' burst forth again in chorus the *confratres*.

'Yes; they twisted him like wire—*beautifully!*' continued the good old man. 'And you ought to have seen the fellow they sent for *valet*. You know him; the '*lange Barte?*' *Herr Jes!* the rogue, with that smooth tongue of his, could wheedle oil out of flints. So he took my poor Badensor to the club, where he was arrested immediately after, with the student S——, and is now, I suppose, enjoying pleasure and repose at the expense of Government.'

This last humorous adventure was by no means lost on the audience. Suddenly one exclaimed:

'I can tell you, that not a man in Munich drives a prettier, safer, or more constant business than myself, since I have gone into the picture-line.'

'But, all the devils! where did you ever learn any thing about such stuff?' inquired the patriarch.

'Ja, that's all to come; for I know as much of pictures as a swine, and not much more than yourself, though I have visited every gallery in Munich daily for the last ten years. But there are a lot of young artists here who paint old pictures, and give me good commissions for getting them off. So, when a fat-headed Englishman gets me to show him round, I let him gabble as much as he likes, (for every valet knows that it is most profitable to let strangers tell you every thing for which you are paid to tell them,) and when I get a little into his confidence, say: 'I wonder that you gentlemen can take such interest in pictures. Why, I know an old woman here in town who has several fine ones, nearly as good as those in the gallery.' Then my gentleman, whether he suspects me to be a scamp or not, generally asks where they are; but I try to dissuade him; tell him that she lives in a dirty, out-of-the-way house; that the pictures are very old, and so on; and generally end by taking him off to my own den, where my wife, who plays the part of old woman, sells him something, for the benefit of myself and the artists. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, and to add to the romance of the thing, I hide the pictures away in lofts, lumber-rooms, and garrets. Sometimes my eldest daughter, who is a nice girl, and sly as a mouse, takes the part of virtuous poverty, and, with tears in her eyes, sells *Milord* an old painting, her father's dying-gift and only souvenir, which *Milord sometimes* gives back again, and which *Miladi*, after a hard bargain, always insists on doing. Again, for the sake of variety, I occasionally move the establishment out of town, to some neighboring village or farm: so that, what with one thing and another, I do pretty well. Gentlemen, I drink your healths.'

Here a somewhat noisy pause ensued, which was broken by one of the *quintette* inquiring, in a low tone:

'Casperl, you have been employed by the gentleman yonder, with the big book: what is he for a stranger?'

'Ja, he does n't live next door. He is an American—understood?'

'AME-RI-CAN—the devil! But not a *born* American?'

'Yes.'

'So-o-o!!'

The reader must know, that in Germany every man who has even visited our country is termed American: consequently, on announcing one's Hail-Columbianism, he is generally asked, '*Aber eingeboren?*—but were you born there?'

'But,' remarked one of the company, 'every body knows that the Americans are either black, green, or red, and the gentleman there is quite white. Strangers who go there remain as they are; but, even in the first generation, their children are almost boot-black. Some, indeed, really become so.'

'Fact?'

'Yes; when I lived in Suabia, by Heilbronn, there was a neighbor of my father's who was away many years in America, and he returned very rich, with his only daughter, who was, indeed, not exactly black, but something the color of a half-cooked dough-nut. And her father said that she would have become quite so, as dark as iron, had she not been fed every day on peaches and cream, which, in that country, preserves the complexion.'

'Then the gentleman with the big book must have been remarkably fond of fruit,' remarked Casperl.

'They say,' resumed the Nestor of the gang, 'that America is a land of gold, butter, and pan-cakes, very glorious to behold. And it must be a part of China, of course, because tea grows there; and, as the world is round, it lies the other side of England.'

'But how do you know that tea grows there?' asked Casperl.

'Because I have heard that the English once fought with the Americans, who are a sort of English, you know, and speak the same language, only better. And it was all because the Americans wouldn't grow tea for them at the price they offered.'

'That is not improbable,' rejoined Casperl; 'for the English at our hotel drink fearful quantities of the nasty slop, and generally dispute the bill. But are the Americans all like the English?'

'*Gott bewahr!* They were once, but of late years so many Germans have gone there, that, before long, every thing will be in that country as it now is here in Bavaria, or rather in SWITZERLAND.'

'What is the reason that English travel so much,' asked Valet Number Four, becoming discursive.

'It is,' answered the sage, 'partly because comfort and happiness are unknown to them at home, so that they must travel to find them, and partly because they are all slightly insane, and consequently restless. I have often heard the waiters at our hotel say, that the English tumble, and toss, and wake up a dozen times in the night: and such people always travel.'

(N. B. If the reader ever tried a South-German seidlitz-box bed, with an eider-down cover, he may understand why the bold Britons alluded to were so restless.)

'But is England really such a wretched country?' inquired Casperl.

'*Versteht sich*—of course!' replied another. 'Why, you know that the only days on which we amuse ourselves here are the feasts and Sundays. Now, in England they have no feasts, and on Sundays they close the houses, go to church, and are very miserable, so that it is the dullest day in the week. Even the theatres and balls are closed!!'

'*Pah!*' replied another; 'that I should call treating the day with great disrespect. But then Protestants and heretics would as lieve break the Sabbath as not, I suppose?'

'Of course,' answered the patriarch. 'Not that I care for Sunday myself, or have any religious scruples, but I do like to see people amuse themselves on that day as Christians ought.'

'The English, I know, are all a little crazy,' remarked Casperl, 'because they are so eager to see every thing that none of their countrymen have seen: and whenever I take one to look at any out-of-the-way curiosity, I always tell him that he is the first stranger that ever beheld it. Beside, you must have noticed that their clothes are always cut very close, and narrow, and uncomfortable, like straight-jackets: and this is done by order of their physicians, that the madness may be restrained. Ah, you may rest assured that, with all their money, they are very unhappy!'

'Talking of rich people,' said Number Three, 'what is the reason that the Russians, though so very wealthy, are so confoundedly keen? I can make more any day out of a simple English gentleman than a Russian duke.'

'*Ja, dös weis i' wirkli' nôt*: that I really don't know, unless it be that they gamble so much, as do the Poles. They say that Russians learn the cards, with their prayers, before the A, B, C.'

'That,' said Casperl, 'is because they believe the queen of hearts to be the Virgin MARY. They are so suspicious and mistrustful, that it is the only way their priests can find to make them believe in *any thing*.'

'I don't know that we Bavarians are much more intelligent, if you come to that!' said Number Three. 'You must all of you have often seen the *Waffen*, or coat-of-arms of our city; there's one painted on the University-window, and another carved in stone over the Carlsthor—*gelt-ja?*'

'What! the MUNCHNER MANNERL?' (the mannikin or dwarf of Munich.) 'Certainly,' replied the rest in chorus.

'Well, the mannikin is a monk. Now, the name of our city of *Minga*, which other people call *Müncha*, the English *Munich*, and some few out-of-the-world North Germans MUNCHEN, comes from the word *Mönch*, (monk.)'

'*Wahrhafti*'—indeed!' cried the rest. 'Where did you learn that?'

'From an English gentleman. Now, can any of you tell me what it is that he holds in his right hand?'

'Why, a beer-mug, of course,' chorused the party.

'Yes, and so I thought, with all the town, until lately. But the truth

is, that it is a book, though what sort of a book is more than I know : and this I heard a very learned man say.'

'Oh, it's a Latin book, of course,' remarked Casperl. 'But are you certain it's not a beer-mug?'

'Yes; I looked and found it so, because it has no lid.'

'Neither have the beer-glasses in Baden,' replied Casperl, who evidently mistrusted this new light.

'But they are of *glass*, I tell you — transparent glass; while that which the Mannerl holds is deep brown.'

'That's because it's full of beer — *brown-beer*,' replied Casperl, driven to the Voltairian system of defence.

'Fudge! As if a monk ever kept a full mug in his fist! Why, he would empty it, like yourself, in a second.'

To this settler the skeptic could make no reply, and the party, rising, paid and departed; which I, after noting the heads of their conversation, did likewise.

T H E S A P L I N G ' S A P O L O G Y .

TANDEM FIT SUBOCLUS ARBOR.

DESPISE me not that, lithe and slim,
Of tender rind and slender limb,
No giant arms I upward cast,
Defiant to the rushing blast;
That 'neath my broad, umbrageous head,
No flocks in sheltered rest are spread;
That venturous, from my dizzy height,
No eaglet takes his earliest flight.
The loftiest oak, whose rugged form
Meets as in sport the howling storm,
And claps in glee his hands on high
To hear the winds go moaning by;
That very oak once humbly bent,
When the young fawn against it leant;
But many a genial summer shower
And summer sun have lent their power
To nourish and, by slow degrees,
To crown, at length, the king of trees,
That gives, by close, concentric rings,
Proofs of innumerable springs;
Years, whose long calendar may tell
How many a nation rose and fell,
While 'neath the gentle dews of heaven
The stately oak hath stood and thriven.
Me, then, despise not: future suns,
As bright as the departed ones,
May shed their quickening rays on me,
Till I become a giant tree;
And many a songster of the grove
From my tall branches sing his love.

New-Forest, Nov. 23, 1851.

PINUS ALBUS.

S T . G E O R G E ' S K N I G H T .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUGUE.

HARK! the trumpet's notes are ringing
From ST. STEPHEN'S bannered height,
Where Castilian Count FERNANDEZ
Summons all the Christian might.
For the Moorish king, ALMANZOR,
From Cordova marcheth here;
All around the 'leaguered city
Clangs the cymbal, gleams the spear.

Every man is in his saddle,
Marshallled for the coming fight;
And along his steel-clad squadrons
Rides FERNANDEZ, stalwart knight.
'PASCAL VIVAS! PASCAL VIVAS!
Castile's pride and manly boast,
All my knights are girt for battle,
Thou art wanting to our host.

'Thou that erst wast ever foremost
In the strife where heroes fall,
Hear'st thou not my eager summons?
Art thou deaf to honor's call?
Hast thou from thy knightly comrades
Fled on this eventful day?
Shall thy wreath of victory wither,
And thy glories pass away?'

But PASCAL VIVAS is far distant:
He hath sought the woodland scene,
Where ST. GEORGE'S lowly chapel
Rises mid the forest green.
At the portal stands his charger,
Lance and shield are resting there,
And before the holy altar
Kneels the knight in earnest prayer.

Deeply sunk in his devotions,
Paying penance duly sworn,
He heedeth not the din of battle,
Faintly on the breezes borne;
Heareth not his charger neighing,
Nor steel that in its scabbard shakes:
But, with sudden start uprising,
Lo! ST. GEORGE from slumber wakes.

From his sacred shrine descending,
He grasps the weapons of the knight,
Quickly mounts the eager charger,
Hurries forth to join the fight.
Who may bide his fearful onset,
Holy champion, HEAVEN'S shield!
Lo! the crescent sinks before him,
And the Moors have fled the field!

PASCAL VIVAS hath completed
 At the shrine his earnest prayer,
 And, descending to the portal,
 Findeth steed and armor there;
 Rideth slowly to the city,
 And, in wonder wholly lost,
 Heareth joyous shouts of triumph
 Greet him from the Christian host.

'PASCAL VIVAS! PASCAL VIVAS!
 Pride of Castile's knightly race,
 Thou hast ta'en the Moorish standard,
 Thou shalt fill the victor's place!
 Lo! thine arms are hacked and bloody,
 Pierced with many a dint thy shield,
 And thy charger wounded sorely,
 Who bore thee o'er this well-fought field.'

PASCAL VIVAS, wonder-stricken,
 'Gainst their shouts has vainly striven,
 Casts his eyes submissive earthward,
 Then in silence points to Heaven!

L. O.

EDITH.

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

HE entered unannounced, and his foot-fall made no noise on the soft carpet. He stood still a moment, for he saw before him the being who held his destiny in her hands.

The rooms were separated by an arch and columns only; and Edith sat there, with a single gas-jet burning but dimly above her, and shedding, as it came through the ground-glass, a soft and moon-like light about the room, while it threw into shade the curtained and mirrored vistas beyond. Her dark eyes were bent on the carpet before her, but unconscious of their own gaze. The volume she had been reading had fallen unnoticed from her fingers to the floor; and her arm, hanging at her side, rivalled in whiteness the lace that but partially hid it from view. The other arm rested on the sofa, and her head leaned forward, and rested lightly on the ends of her taper fingers. There were no rings in those delicate ears; no bracelet on that graceful wrist; no ring on the slender fingers: and much I love to see beauty so adorned.

A grave, almost sad expression rested on her face. Her breath went and came, and her bosom rose and fell slowly: each respiration left her with a sigh, and the interval was so long, that it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe. Selwyn moved toward her, still unobserved. His heart beat faster as he approached; he breathed more heavily. A possible future without her! The thought weighed on him like an incubus,

and he hesitated before opening the gate that might either lead him to a precipice or a paradise.

‘Edith!’

The emotion with which her name was uttered lent a thrilling tone to that deep, low voice. She started, and looked up, and met his earnest gaze; but her eyes drooped again to the floor, and the warm blood came to her face and neck, then left them paler than before: but no word followed the glance, and they remained a few moments in silence.

‘Edith!’

‘Ten years ago, a little black-eyed being, you flitted in my pathway for a moment, and then passed away, like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of a troubled sky. The music of your merry laugh rang on my ear like the echo from silver-bells. The playful archness of your ever-changing ways seemed to rob guile of its meaning; but there was at times in those sparkling eyes a look of earnestness beyond your years, that made the beholder pause and ask a blessing on your voyage of life. You were flowering into existence, and the many-colored petals of thought, of hope, of affection, were opening to life; and the gardener, Imagination, took the plant, which gave promise of such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being; and he tended, watered, and watched over it, taking here a leaf, there a branch, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew; and, as it grew, it turned, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and it became one of the Penates, and its image was niched in the wall of my soul.

‘You came again, Edith, when the girl’s form had rounded into womanhood; when the laugh had lost its merry echo, but was deepening to the heart. You came again, Edith, and I found my fancy had not over-painted, my imagination had not done justice to your being. Your earnest eyes gazed out upon the plastic world, and sought and recognized all things beautiful and good in nature, art, and sentiment; and thoughts of wondrous depth oft came, and flashed like lightning on the subject that we analyzed; and the quick play of weird and airy fancies, too, as if you sought to hide with flowers the fruit your soul-tree bore. Years have rolled by since then, Edith, and I have always met the same kind, frank, and genial welcoming; no more: no word, no act that hate itself could misconstrue; but, Edith, I have been awakened from this dream of friendship, and, O God! the all I cast upon the hazard of this die.

‘Edith! I love you!’

Edith’s eyes were still cast down. When he first spoke, her bosom heaved with a quickened motion, and, as he went on, she pressed her handkerchief and hands there, to hide the agitation that was mastering her; and as the last words left his lips, eloquent with the deep tone that passion had given them, the tears welled from her eye-lids.

They might be tears of pity only — *might* be tears of love.

Selwyn bent to his knee before her, and, taking her hand in his, said:

‘Edith, a word before my fate is sealed. I bring no *selfish* love to offer at this shrine. If in the deep recesses of your woman’s heart *another* reigns supreme, or even —’

She raised her eyes to his, and their gaze met in a long earnest, deep, absorbing look, that joined their souls for ever, and revealed the love she had cherished in her heart for years. He clasped her fair head, sobbing, to his breast; his arms were pressed around her form; his soul blessed her in silence; a psalm of thanks-giving went up to heaven from his heart, and his warm lips pressed their first kiss upon her smooth white brow.

‘Now, Peter, we are ready.’

How proudly those beautiful bays arched their graceful necks, pricked up their ears, and pawed the crisp snow, as they shook into a merry jingle the circles of silver-bells round their bodies, and depending from their heads in a graceful sweep beneath the martingales, impatiently waiting for the motion of the reins or the crack of the whip, as if ‘Peter’ were a god, and they proud to do his bidding.

‘All ready, Peter!’

And off they started; not suddenly or with a jerk, but prancing and pawing their way, as if they too knew the freight of happy hearts they were drawing, and sympathized in their gladness.

And who were the happy beings behind our beautiful bays, to whom the present was like sunshine, the future without a cloud?—the present profound peace, the future without a sigh?—the present a garden of flowers, the future an immortality of fresh greenness and fruit?

Two were affianced hearts and affianced hands, and two in a few days were to stand near them at the altar, when the vows which had been for long years spoken in their heart of hearts before God, were to be shaped into words before man.

First, there was Edith, of the queenly brow and dark earnest eye; with the ringing laugh, that came not often, but, when it did, it came from her heart, and found its echo in your own; it resembled the spring-blossoms of the fruit-trees, which fill the eye with a sense of beauty; but they spring from roots which shoot down far into the earth. So it rang gayly on the ear; but your rougher nature was softened under its sweet influence, and you felt that its roots were in her soul.

Then there were Sidnie and Jenny, the chosen friends for her bridal; the first with a calm, gentle, serious face when in repose, which turned, as it became lighted with a smile, (it seemed like magic,) into as mischief-loving a countenance as the sun ever shone upon—the mischief that could not harm a worm, but would leave her face to make room for tears if it hurt the feelings of the meanest. And Jenny, the fair young Jenny, with the white brow and curling light-brown hair, and a neck that might send the sculptor to his studio to work—no need to *dream* of ideals now—the thoughtful, impulsive child of nature, weighing her words in serious moods, but, when the gayer ones came round, no lark’s song more impulsive. The words came first, and, as the after-thought showed the odd fancies that her words might paint, her blushes gave them color and relief. Oh, she was more loveable so than thousands who never say a thing amiss, and measure every word!

And Selwyn sat there, in the prime of his manhood, with the happy three: his bark had been tempest-tossed enough, and weathered many a gale of passion and ambition, but now the haven of rest was in view, the

sails mostly furled, streamer flying, the music (of his beating heart) sounding from the quarter-deck. With him all was peace, calm assurance of his present and his future, the will, the strength to guide and protect the dark-eyed being at his side, the heart that overflowed with affection, that loved as it never had loved, as it never would again.

Our bays had left the town behind them, and were on the broad, smooth, white avenue; their slender limbs moving quick and regular as clock-work, their silver-bells echoing so musically in the still, cold air; their heads not so erect now, their ears laid back: and on they went, with the speed of light, as if they had a human enthusiasm, and were earnest in their work. And dogs ran out from the way-side cottages, barking, jumping, and frolicking in the fresh, light snow; springing in and out between the hoofs of the horses, as if they were beings of air, and could not be harmed; frisking about in the snow-flakes, throwing them up, and barking again as they fell about their ears. The air was still as the sleep of a child, and exhilarating as the first glass of the foaming wine. The hoofs trod on the crisp snow, and the runners slid over it with a *crunching* sound. All things were white; fences lay hid under broad fields of snow, on which the sun-light shone, reflected, and sparkled; but it was like the grace of Heaven to some sinners' hearts—it lay there unmelted and the same.

The trees had veils of white snow-lace hanging about them, as if they were arrayed for the bridal with the coming spring. And the happy hearts in our flying sleigh, what of them? Wit, humor; repartee flew from lip to lip, and from ear to ear, with all the *sparkle* of the scene about them, with all the *warmth* of the June sunshine; and white, and brown, and gray warm furs were around and about them, and hanging from the sleigh in graceful folds; and great odd weird eyes stared out from the furs, as if the life had been taken from the animals with their skins, and retained in them.

Oh, they were gay and mirthful, and merry and arch; and they laughed and talked lightly of their love, with graceful words: but it was like the white foam on the ocean, covering unfathomed depths; like the myriad forms, the graceful beauty of the weed which rests lightly on the surface of the sea; like the airy forms of the fairy snow-flakes, covering a warm earth full of hidden flowers and fruit; like the mist seen from the mountains, hiding for a moment the profound depth of the green vale! On went our gallant bays, as if the goal were before them, covered with thousands to welcome their coming, and the race was for life.

Sudden and startling as the cry of 'fire' in the still night, as the thunder-clap from a sunny sky, came the thrilling whistle of a locomotive, ringing over the fields with an unearthly echo; and, suddenly as a flash, the spirited bays sprang aside from the horrid sound. A moment the runner hung on the edge of the steep bank; another, and they were all dashed from the sleigh, while a shriek rent the air! One of the horses fell, and brought the other struggling upon him. Peter was swung round through the air, but held on to the reins as if it were a death-gripe; and darting up from the place where he was thrown, he sprang to their heads, before they could rise and make off. Jenny was thrown down the entire bank, but her wrappings of fur and the snow saved her unhurt, and she sprang

up toward Edith. Sidnie's head struck first, and for a moment she was unconscious, but the cold snow on her face revived her. Selwyn caught at the sides of the sleigh, to keep himself from falling upon Edith: the wrench on his arm was a powerful one, but it brought him to the ground on his feet.

And Edith, poor Edith! she was thrown upon a rock that the snow had but slightly covered, and lay there inanimate and unconscious as the rock which had perhaps given her the death-blow. Selwyn sprang to her side, and snatched her up with the eagerness of terror, but the gentleness of a child. In a moment he had reached the bank, and enveloped the pale, breathless form in a fur-robe. Then he called to the driver of an empty sleigh that was passing, and cried:

'Here, driver, quick! here's gold, *gold* — quick! as you love HEAVEN, to ——— street!'

In a moment they were seated, and away again. Selwyn clasped the body of poor Edith to his breast, but a tremor shook the strong man, as if he were a child. He had shut his eyes as he placed the furs round her fair form, for fear he *might* see blood, though he did not dare to own the fear even to himself. He might have felt her pulse, to see if she lived. No, he could not do that; his soul clung to the uncertainty, to this agony of doubt, in preference to learning that which might unhinge his reason in despair.

Dead! Dead? The blackness of darkness seemed to be closing on him like the door of a dungeon, as he shrank back, appalled from the frightful word.

'Faster! man, faster: for God's sake, faster!'

The horses sprang into a run as they felt the lash on their backs. Houses, fields, snow-drifts, flew past them, but the minutes seemed ages as they went on. Not a word was uttered; no one dared even to look at the other, lest the answering glance should be despair — *death*.

The city is reached at last; spire after spire is left behind. All things make way for the furious career of the sleigh; all lookers-on think the horses are beyond control, and so they pass. Another minute, and, covered with foam, they are drawn up at the door.

Selwyn lifted the still, motionless form that rested on his breast, as if it had been a child's, and bore it up the steps. The door opened; he went on, and up again to the chamber, and, laying his priceless burden gently on the bed, fell on his knees and said, or rather groaned:

'Oh, God of Heaven! have mercy on ——— Oh, God! oh, God!'

And he placed his hands over his face and burning eye-lids, buried them in the bed, and groaned aloud:

'The strong man in his agony.'

AN hour has passed; the surgeon is still at the bed-side; two fractured ribs have been set, and *life* is there, but Edith has uttered no word, made no cry, no movement when the crushed bones were re-placed, and she lay there pale and motionless, the faint, faint pulse the only indication of life. Selwyn stood over her with his arms folded, motionless and silent as the dead, but despair in the lines of his face.

Suddenly a faint flush passed over her cheeks; then she opened her

eyes a moment, looked up in her lover's face with an earnest gaze, and said :

'Tell Peter not to drive so fast, please, dear Selwyn.'

He fell on his knees and caught her hand, but the light had faded away again ; the eyes were closed ; she was motionless as marble, and as white ; and so another hour of dreadful doubt passed on.

Again a deep flush colors her face, brow, neck, with an almost purple hue ; her pulse beats with a bounding motion, as if it would burst ; a groan of pain escapes her lips ; it passes away, and she opens her eyes calmly as before, and her consciousness has all returned.

Then Selwyn knelt by the bed-side and took her white hand in his, and she looked in his face, with a fond but sad and melancholy smile, and said, in a weak, soft voice, almost a whisper :

'I remember all, dear Selwyn ; are *they* hurt ?'

'Oh !' she groaned again, as the bounding blood shot through her veins, and then left her paler, whiter than before.

Then she opened her eyes once more with a look of infinite pity for *him*, and in a weak, whispering voice, said : 'Be strong to bear, dear Selwyn : I am dying.'

He knew it already in his heart, but the uttered words startled him with a shock of pain.

'God help us, Edith ; but the surgeon is here, dear, *dear* Edith. How is it with you ? Can he do nothing ?'

'Nothing, Selwyn — nothing. I feel it here, thank God without pain now, but bleeding deep down beyond his reach — Selwyn !'

Her eyes sought his with a look of holy, infinite love ; a look that passed into his soul, and rested there, a sweet, sad light, that clung to him through life.

'Selwyn ! *Wednesday* was to have been the day of our bridal, and — and — I shall be in heaven within the hour, Selwyn.'

A shudder passed over his frame, but, with the effort of a giant, he subdued the outward and visible form of his agony, pressed the white hand to his lips, rose on his feet, and beckoned to the minister, who had been sent for with the surgeon, to approach. Then he drew out the ring that had been prepared for the '*Wednesday*,' gave it to him, and pointed to Edith. He then raised her gently from the bed, and passed his arm round her slender waist. His right hand held hers, her pale head rested on his breast, and her eyes were turned up toward his with a look as if her soul was passing to his own.

The minister opened the book and said :

'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and before this company, to join together this man and this woman, in holy matrimony.

'I require and charge you both, (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,) that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it.'

Then the minister continued, and said :

'Selwyn, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife ? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and,

forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?'

Those who were present sobbed aloud; tear after tear rolled down the cheeks of the minister; and Selwyn groaned, rather than said: 'I will!'

Tears came to his eyes also, the first tears of his manhood; not tears of relief, such as well up from a woman's heart: no; they burned, their way to his eye-lids, and left a scorched and acrid path.

The minister said again:

'Edith, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?'

Edith's gaze was withdrawn from Selwyn's face: she looked at the minister, and closed her eye-lids in token of approval. She could not speak.

Then the minister joined their hands together, placed his own upon them, and said, in solemn tone:

'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

The fair head leaned more heavily against Selwyn's breast, and he bent down and kissed the pale, white brow of the soulless form before him.

Edith was dead!

Selwyn laid her on the bed again, and stood at her side. His soul seemed to leave him in maddened frenzy to seek his Edith; it seemed to have left his body still with consciousness: he felt numbed and cold, and the blood gathered round his heart, but lent no heat to it; thick blackness seemed to be gathering about him, shutting out all things, coming nearer, nearer, and narrower, until it seemed as if it would crush him, and he wrestled as a strong man with a giant to throw it off; and as this night-mare of the soul passed away, and he opened his eyes again, there lay the cold, marble-like temple which had held *his* holy of holies, that God had closed on him forevermore.

Long years have gone since then to the past eternity. Little ones, who were prattling their nursery rhymes, now govern the nations. Trees, whose green foliage shaded the forest-grounds, rot in old ships on the ocean. Seeds, then springing from the earth, now cast their broad shadow over the fields. Many whose fame echoed from shore to shore, and in whose dreams Immortality had marked them for her own, lie unremembered beneath the sod. A few who sank to unnoted, unhonored graves, now shed their light over the nations; and once more we look back and see that mankind had 'entertained its angels unawares.'

The gay young companions of the fatal ride listen to the prattle of little ones who cluster round grand-mamma's arm-chair. But most of those who made the moving, living, breathing 'world,' are where the lapse of time is unnoted and unknown: where the hour and the thousand years are alike.

Do you see that old man upon whose face three-score-and-ten has made its mark; whose hair is all white with the snows of the winter

of age, but whose step is yet firm and quick, whose glance is earnest and absorbed, unheeding the crowd about him? Do you note the profound, yet calm expression of sadness, of sorrow over his pale face; a sadness of the soul that seems to be part of his existence, and pervades him like an atmosphere? Do you see him turn at the importunity of that sick beggar, with a quick, penetrating glance, listen to her story, and walk away with her to her cold, wet, fireless *home*, that he may winnow true suffering from pretence, and aid accordingly? It is SELWYN—the lover of a quarter of a century past; the lover, husband, widower, in a breath.

‘Twenty-five years ago!’ There is the sound of a knell in the sentence. What is *not buried* in that lapse of time? The hopes, faiths, beliefs, expectations, as well as the living beings about us.

FAR away from the cemeteries where fashion has set her stamp, and death looks gay; far away from the grave-yards which look so lonely and sad; far away from the noise or echo of man’s busy life, deep in the far forest, rises, among the trees which shadow it, a white marble shaft, pointing to that heaven where the wife of a moment has gone.

There is nothing but ‘EDITH’ on its smooth surface to tell its tale to the wandering beholder. Few ever see it but the venturing hunter: it comes upon him like a mysterious *presence*: he lays his gun on the grass, weaves his own tale of the strange monument, and the blithe, merry birds fly about unharmed by him for hours as he dreams. And every year in the autumn-time, when the day comes round that Edith first owned her love; when nature has put on her gayest attire to hide for an hour the gloom of her coming death; when the trees are all decked in their carnival hues, and scatter their bright leaves like smiles to the frolic winds before they enter on their long, cold Lent, their wintry fast, the old man kneels at the tomb of his Edith, and thanks God that he has tempered his judgments with mercy; and his heart swells with gratitude that, though it has been shut like the door of a vault to love, HE has opened it with sympathy for the sufferer, and has permitted him to be a comforter to the afflicted, a light to some who are groping in darkness, and enabled him to make some suffering corner of this earth less a Hades—more a Paradise.

And then a tender and sad memory will come, like the recollection of a dream of the Edith of his youth, and of his manhood. And he thanks HIM again that he has sent him on this road toward his haven of rest, where perhaps he will recognize and join in eternal thought, in eternal joy, in eternal progression, toward the infinite, the being to whom he felt his soul of souls was united, with a love that time and suffering had purified from all it might at first have held of earth. And each year he leaves the tomb stronger to guide, and help, and bear, and feeling nearer to that heaven where well he knows that, if he does not join his Edith in actual recognition, he will meet more than his ideal; he will meet the *infinite* of love and beauty, of which his earthly love was but an emblem: and alone, yet not lonely, toward eternity he is ‘passing away! passing away!’

K E - U - K A • R E V I S I T E D .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Loved Lake! I have seen thee once more,
And the hills that slope down to thy wave,
And gazed on thy picturesque shore,
While Nature a welcoming gave.
Old woods, like the sun-bow arrayed,
By the breath of October were stirred,
And music to soothe me was made
By wind, singing ripple, and bird.

How sweet was the murmuring roll
Of each wavelet that broke on the strand!
And I thought I was wafted in soul
From earth to some magical land.
Circling over thy bosom of blue,
The light, graceful gull was afloat,
And grandly Bluff-Point loomed to view,
From the deck of our beautiful boat.

Though changed since the summit I trod,
In the deep green of summer-time dressed,
It towered a grand altar of God,
And mist rose like smoke from its breast.
My hat waved in air at the sight,
And I cheered in my fulness of joy,
While back came a sense of delight
That I knew when a wild, dreaming boy.

The red man may well with a sigh
Look there on a paradise lost,
While the bones of his forefathers lie
Exposed to the gale and the frost.
His pines, so majestic of old,
Stand dreary, like battle-thinned ranks;
The stone of his altar is cold,
His trail blotted out on thy banks.

Ke-u-ka! thrice-blessed would I be,
Could a home by thy waters be mine;
No monarch beyond the blue sea
Would drink such a draught of Life's wine.
My harp, draped no longer in black,
Would wake to a rapturous strain;
The dream of romance would come back,
And my spirit grow youthful again.

The child of my love has an eye
Like the deep azure tint of thy breast,
And her cheek wears the roseate dye
On thy mirror by sunset impressed.

* Crooked Lake.

I caught the bright gleam of her hair
 In thy swell, edged by Morning with gold,
 And the snow of her forehead so fair
 In the flash of thy foam did behold.

How grandly the wood-belted hills
 In thy surf dipped their gray, rocky feet,
 While leaped down a thousand bright rills,
 Like children their mother to greet!
 Three cheers for the steamer Steuben!
 May she aye be a stranger to wreck,
 Not forgetting that jewel of men,
 The captain* who paces her deck!

Deck of the Steamer Steuben, October, 1851.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A DAY IN THE HALLKAMMERGUT.'

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850.†—On the morning of this celestial day, we bade adieu to the obliging hostess of the 'Hotel zum Krebs,' at Donauwörth. All day the sun has shone brightly on the 'dark-rolling Danube,' while a light breeze and fleecy cloud or two have kept us cool and comfortable under our awning. 'Mais commençons par le commencement:' I heard last night the steamer come working up the river, apprizing us thereby of its being a non-condensing engine, a very disagreeable draw-back to our enjoyment, as it prevents us from hearing each other speak, and frightens the sweet Calliope from her propriety. It is, in fact, the one sound, unknown, unfortunately, in Hogarth's day, which was required to put the coping-stone to the distraction of the 'Enraged Musician. Already after breakfast, the arrival of the Munich train, which set down a couple score passengers for the steamer, taught us what we were to expect; and I took care to secure for my father a seat on the small after-deck of our little craft, over which was an awning; and it proved fortunate that I did so. I had, however, very nearly

* CAPTAIN JOHN GREGG.

† NOTE.—The Journal from which these pages are selected was written merely for the purpose of keeping alive in the writer's mind the impressions left on it by a tour made in the year 1850, through Central Germany, Eastern Switzerland, and Northern Italy. The times, it may be remembered, were somewhat exciting, there being 'wars and rumors of wars' on all sides, while in the writer's own native country of Britain, reports were rife of important political changes, some of which have, in their essence, been since carried out. As the comments here and there scattered in the Journal were made at the time, it has been necessary either to suppress them, or greatly to modify them. With this exception, the Journal is a faithful transcript of what passed under the writer's own eye, as also of the political feeling of the many intelligent Germans he was so fortunate as to meet; and is the more entitled to credit, that it was written either at night, on arrival at the resting-place, or during the actual occurrence of the incidents themselves. These pages need not be perused with the hope of finding in them any solution to the great questions that agitate Germany at present: they are simply sketches of travel in a highly interesting portion of the most civilized portion of the globe.

H. G.

lost all, by not being aware that, as the steamer belongs to the railway company, it is necessary to go through all the awful formalities of a Bavarian railway-office, in the shape of weighing of baggage, filling up of printed billets, etc., etc.; all of which takes up five minutes or so for each passenger. By-and-by in came the train from Nürnberg, and with it a host more, so that eventually we mustered, including those of the Donamwörthers, who favored us with their company, some ninety strong.

We now had a fair specimen of German travelling. In the first place, every body seemed to know every body, even to those who came on sixty miles down the river: ladies, farmers' wives and daughters, priests, esquires, for aught I know, a sprinkling of counts and barons, certainly two chevaliers d'industrie, and an infinity of German originals, of whom it was difficult to predicate with certainty. Of the thirty or forty Munich folk who had been with us at the hotel in the morning, all had partaken of a hearty déjeuner à la fourchette before coming on board. Nevertheless, before the vessel was two minutes cast off down the river, these people fraternized with their brethren from the North, and the Kellner groaned and sweated under Bavarian beer, bread and cheese, etc. All seemed to mix on an equality, many of the ladies going forward to have a chat with the farmers' wives. They are really a warm-hearted, social, amiable people. There is a readiness to oblige, and a true, natural, earnest politeness that quite enchant me, who have a deal of the cosmopolite in my nature. In fact, although England possesses inestimable blessings in her civil and religious freedom, yet there are various parts of the German character that I should like to see introduced. We are apt to laugh at the German fondness for high-sounding titles, but I incline to think that it proceeds from a desire to gratify on the part of the speaker. Even a philosopher must and does feel secretly, perhaps unconsciously, flattered at being addressed in the set phrase which implies an acknowledgment of the presence of a superior intellect; and upon an analogous principle it is supposed to be pleasing to a person having any distinguishing title to be addressed by it as often as may be. Most of the Anglo-Saxon family assert their titles themselves: a much worse practice. 'Because I am Countess Cocknose, or Mrs. Codfish, I do not choose to know you, who are Miss Tailor or Mrs. Tinsmith:' all that is tinsel. 'The man of independent mind, he looks and laughs at a' that.' Education and character should be universal passports, and people will some day find this out. In Germany it is supposed that man's first duty, after that to his MAKER, is to make himself agreeable to his fellow-man.

The Danube, after leaving Donamwörth, runs among marshes and shifting channels, through which navigation is difficult, unless after rains, which happened to be our case. The bends are very sudden, and the vessel runs occasionally so close along the bank, that a person might with facility leap ashore. The usual speed is about fourteen miles an hour, but that distance is never actually accomplished, owing to the frequent stoppage of the engines to enable the vessel to drift past some particular shoal. The stream is rarely more than four feet deep, and hereabout, after drought, the Danube, like the Elbe, must be perfectly fordable. The left bank is hilly, and, having a southern exposure, is planted with hops

for the beer. This beer-manufacture gives two-thirds of the revenue of Bavaria. The quantity is immense that a regular Bavarian beer-soaker will get through in a day. Twenty-four flasks is an ordinary quantity!

The ferries here are remarkable for their simplicity and effectiveness. A couple of posts are fixed opposite each other, and a rope carried across the stream at an elevation say of fifty feet. Upon this runs a messenger-rope, which is made fast to the boat, and she sidles across with her heterogeneous cargo. What is the use of a bridge? An accident is unknown. A little below Donamwörth the Leck falls into the Danube: it is a dull, sluggish stream, about one hundred feet across, and making no perceptible increase to the waters of the Danube. A little distance up its valley, a view is obtained of Rain, a small, insignificant town, but strongly fortified during the Thirty Years' War. Before its walls the monster, Count Tilly, received his death-wound; while at Ingoldstadt, a few miles further, he yielded up his tyrannic soul. The storming of Magdeburg will be a black stain upon his memory, while history fulfils *one* of her many missions upon earth: to point out, namely, the hideous consequences of war.

And here I may ask, will people stand tamely by and suffer kings and nobility, or unemployed rowdies, to wage wars in the name of the people who alone suffer, while the others alone gain? Who are they of the sword in every country? The nobility, and the low, desperate, unemployed rabble. It is one of the disgraces to civilized communities that men of the sword are every where fêted and ennobled, or when the institutions of a country prevent the giving a peerage as a reward, yet the high honors of government are bestowed on a class of men, whose whole education, discipline, and experience have been acquired under a totally different order of things. And upon what pretext and in what name is war waged? For the protection of the throne, or it may be for 'the honor of the people.'

That phrase, 'honor of the nation,' has slain more men, and upon false pretences, than any thing else. But on the first occasion, when war seems imminent, it will be better to have a brush, just to let the middling and artisan classes see what war is in our days. Let but once the magnificent railways be destroyed, in which so much money has been sunk for a heritage; let the canals be drained, manufactures be stopped, and thousands doomed to beggary, who, but a few months before, were possessed of that more than sufficiency which Providence awards to industry; and the people will start up, and at one sweep do away with aristocracy and diplomacy together. The common people of every country are striving to attain perfection each in his own line. Aristocracies stand in the way. I read the title of a significant book, shown me to-day by a German. It was, 'THE PRUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY GERMANY'S WORST ENEMY;' and the same may be said universally. And it is natural. When men have attained high honors, they are by no means desirous of their becoming common by their bestowal on others like themselves. I hold that all patriots who accept peerages or official positions are lip-speakers and not 'heart-feelers,' as the Germans call them; and Sir Robert Peel, in that remarkable passage of his will where he refuses, in the name of his posterity, a peerage for any services he had done to England,

seems to have been well aware of this. But Tilly is not worth this long digression.

At Ingoldstadt, the Bavarian Government have erected huge fortifications, for what purpose it were hard to say, as the Danube is fordable for miles above and below, and wood can be easily procured to construct a temporary bridge for cannon. Neustadt, an old Roman station, we reached at five o'clock, and shortly afterward entered a defile, called the *Lange Wand*, about four miles in length, by which the Danube has forced its way through the soft sand-stone. The strata here are quite undisturbed, but they are of great thickness, and do not present the rings that constitute so marked a characteristic of the same formation in the Saxon-Switzerland. Indeed, it does not seem to have been so directly exposed to the action of the tidal current; for though clefts are numerous, and the rock presents the honey-combed appearance and fantastic forms peculiar to sand-stone when thus acted upon, yet the vast isolated columns of the *Wildgrund* and *Bastei* are totally wanting. This, undoubtedly, adds to the grandeur of the pass. The precipices are perfectly vertical, about five hundred feet high, the river washing their base, leaving no room even for a foot-path. Upon a solitary, green meadow, between the rock and the river, is placed the wealthy Convent of *Weltenburg*, a large, barn-looking building; and stretching down the river a little way, a wall of very antique masonry, Roman, most probably.

From this to *Ratisbon*, or *Regensburg*, the scenery is pretty, the hills being well wooded. At *Abach*, the river passes through a similar defile, on emerging from which, a small river is passed, running in a very picturesque valley. The spires of *Ratisbon*, very antique-looking, have been visible for some time, and, on turning a corner, which is the most northerly point of the Danube, the city itself comes into view. Here, as usual, the whole population had turned out to receive the steamer, and such a waving of handkerchiefs ensued as only Germany can furnish. I, for my part, waved with the rest, not seeing the use of allowing to pass unacknowledged the salute of so many pretty girls as I saw congregated on the bank. After a little delay in getting our baggage, we followed a commissionaire up a short cut, which may vie with any close in the *Cowgate* of *Edinburgh*: head-quarters, I take it, of the *Goddess Cloacina*. However, it saved us a good walk; and I am now writing in a large, plainly, but comfortably-furnished apartment, overlooking the *Heide Platz*. The beds are hard by comparison, and are therefore comfortable, so that I anticipate a sound sleep, and the bugs will let me.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.—To-day we have been visiting the far-famed *Valhalla*, which, for a wonder, has not disappointed my expectations. In the morning we visited the old Cathedral, a plain edifice, something like the Cathedral of *Strasbourg* internally. The painted glass is very rich, and the building was judiciously restored by King Louis. There is here nothing very remarkable, except a statue of the *VIRGIN*, said to date from the beginning of the thirteenth century, stiff and uninteresting, except, possibly, to an artist. There is likewise a rich silver screen at the high altar, behind which, unlike most churches, the orchestra is crushed. These two, with a very fine echo, sum up the particular attractions of 'Ratisbon Dom Kirche.' While my father remained below, I ascended

the Esel Thunn, (asses' tower,) so called because the materials for its construction were conveyed on asses' backs up an 'incline,' which still exists. The view from the parapet-walk around the entire cathedral is very extensive, but cannot be called fine, except at particular points. Thus the view over the town is singularly uninteresting, while that toward the Alps, which unfortunately were invisible, is, of course, magnificent.

The great attraction is the Valhalla, backed by the mountains of the Böhmer-wald, through the wild gorge of which we sail to-morrow in descending the Danube. At this distance, five miles off, it looks insignificant; and it is, in truth, trying the design of a building to the uttermost to plant it upon a low eminence, surrounded by comparatively lofty mountains. Nevertheless, it immediately arrests the eye, and, coupled with its associations, awakens a glow of interest.

After dinner, which was in no wise remarkable, our calèche came round; a sorry affair rather; the horses harnessed with ropes, and carrying the old-fashioned peak-collar, worn gray with dust and exposure. The road to the Valhalla crosses the Danube by the bridge, and immediately afterward the Regen, which gives its name to the city. After leaving the suburb on the Regen, the road, which is most execrable, leads down the left bank of the river, at the foot of a sand-stone range, to the village of Donanstauf, where is a villa of Count Thum and Taxis, which all snob Englishmen go to see. A half-mile farther, six miles by road from Ratisbon, is a hill about three hundred and fifty feet high, upon which stands the VALHALLA.

As I have already said, it is any thing but imposing from a distance; but on coming nearer, its dimensions are very impressive. The north and south ends have each eight pillars, and an ornamented peristyle, the architraves being richly sculptured, and the sides each eighteen columns. These are all fluted Doric, five feet in diameter at the base, and forty-eight or fifty feet high. I cannot help thinking that, viewed from the west, (that is, from the Ratisbon road,) the pillars are higher toward the north than the south; but I suspect this must be fancy on my part, as it is in the last degree improbable that an error so fatal to the symmetry of the building could have so long escaped notice. As the carriage-road approach is from the north, we miss for the present the imposing appearance from the high-road of the south front, approached by two hundred and fifty steps, in four flights, formed of a pale-gray marble. A mistake seems to me to have been committed here. The steps are ordinary steps, seven inches in height, and about a foot in breadth; and as there is at the top a terrace about twenty yards wide, the arrangement in flights at right angles totally precludes a view of the building until you are at the top. Had the ascent been made more gradual, by making the steps say two feet broad, a much finer effect would have been produced, and the building would have towered majestically when approached by its principal front. The formation of the ground, however, which sinks somewhat abruptly, may have conduced to the present arrangement.

The Valhalla itself is built of white marble, which is far from pure, and is indeed yellow when compared with the Milan Cathedral. The interior is magnificent! You enter by a lofty door, painted green, and

studded with massive gilt nails. You find yourself at once in a single apartment, seventy feet high, about one hundred and thirty long, and sixty or seventy broad. The roof is exquisitely ornamented in blue and gold, and the walls are of red marble: the floor is of inlaid marble, the ground white, with black, brown, and gray lozenges; while under the three divisions of the roof are three slabs of a beautiful yellow marble, into which are inlaid, in letters of gold, three inscriptions, mentioning its contemplation in 1807, its foundation on the eighteenth of October, 1830, and its completion on the eighteenth of October, 1842.

One great attraction it undoubtedly presents to the lover of history. There are *no imaginative pieces*. The early German worthies are acknowledged by tablets, while the busts (one of which is of Otho the Great, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century) are all faithful resemblances, either from the life, or from sculptured effigies and contemporaneous portraits, strictly authenticated. Therefore, you have Kant in all his ugliness, and Schiller, Herschel, and so forth, with minute accuracy and fidelity. There are about one hundred and thirty busts, (there are no full-lengths,) many well fitted to call up deep emotions. There is the astute countenance of Frederick the Great; the intellectual heads of Leibnitz, Haller, and Guttemberg; the mild, saint-like faces of Mozart and Kepler, so different yet so like; the manly visage of Franz Von Sickingen; and the sneaking-like countenance of perhaps the most remarkable man of all, William the Great, of Europe, sometimes hight III. of England. History does not present a more remarkable character than William; and I could not reconcile his singular career, so admirably described by Macaulay, with the common-place face I was gazing at. The classic face of Erasmus is absolutely alive with intelligence, that sparkles through the 'dull, cold marble;' while the most nondescript face in the room is in immediate juxtaposition — GOETHE. There is in his face a decidedly unpleasant expression, much like the impression left on one's mental features by the perusal of Wilhelm Meister, so lauded by all metaphysicians and Germans. The man, to judge by his bust, is worthy of his book; and, to my thinking, neither is good for much. I imagine Goëthe must have owed much to his eyes, which, I have some where read, were, though small, very expressive. Next I shall notice Otto Von Guerické, a quiet, mild, contemplative countenance; Handel, good-natured; Catherine of Russia, very sensual, but shrewd to a degree. Moreover, there is a constant feeling of surprise elicited by expressions of feature widely different from what we should conceive as indicative of the historical characters they represent; and as these are all, as already mentioned, authentic, causing a pleasant excitement by the very difficulty of reconciling them with preconceived opinions. Thus, Frederick Barbarossa has, on the whole, a rather mild expression; Grotius, haughty in the extreme. Kant and Binger, the philosopher and the poet, both look like nincompoops; while George Von Freundsberg, a very remarkable man as a warrior, might rather be taken for some profound thinker. Mozart alone, perhaps, answers completely to preconceived ideas. With Guttemberg, one is apt for a moment to associate notions of what was, in his day, an inferior trade, and his majestic appearance is little suited to such an idea; but when we know that he foresaw and predicted the glorious fruit of his

invention, and that he suffered in fortune and in person, from the opposition of the copiers of the fifteenth century, for 'his grievous interference with their mystery,' one can scarcely help believing in the authenticity of a bust representing such a man looking forward into futurity, with an expression venerable at once by consciousness, by years, and by suffering. Generals, warriors, statesmen, poets, painters, inventors, musicians, philosophers, literati, kings, queens, philanthropists, metaphysicians, and men eminent for piety, all find a memorial here; and the collection being dedicated exclusively to German names, forms a whole in which we may trace, as it were, an epitome of the rank which Germany has held, and still holds, in all departments of literature, science, philosophy, military fame, fine arts, and religion. Not a name occurs but is 'familiar in our mouths as household words;' and a few such collections in other countries would be a history of mankind. England, however, cares only for her kings. She prefers being represented by the vices of a George IV. or Henry VIII. to being illustrated by a Cromwell, a Shakspeare, or a Newton. At least, one would think so, after reflecting how few and far between memorials of these great names are to be found in England. The wealthy English nation cannot afford four hundred pounds sterling to purchase the Shakspeare house! Newton cannot be seen except the public pay two-pence.*

Space has been left for a considerable number of living German worthies; among whom I hope they will think Mendelssohn, Neander, Humboldt, Struve, Liebig, Rauch, and Schwanthaler, worthy of a place. It is lucky, however, for great names that they are not dependent for fame upon their appreciation by monarchs. For one such generous enthusiast as Louis, there are seated upon the thrones of Europe a set of cold-hearted despots, or spoiled, weak women, who stand upon their supposed divine rights, and cannot see how infinitely superior to themselves is the meanest of the names in the Valhalla alone.

The view from the south terrace in clear weather must be magnificent; the red roofs of Ratisbon not being sufficiently near to mar the beauty of the landscape, while its Doric towers nevertheless arrest the eye. A view over a plain to a distant range of mountains is never complete, unless it include a large town. But this latter must not be too near, particularly when, like Ratisbon, the roofs are of unpicturesque red tile. The view comprises the Danube for about fifty miles of its course, and is bounded on the east by the Böhmer Wald Mountains, thirty miles distant; and to the south by the Tyrolese Alps, from fifty to seventy miles away. Straubourg is visible, and an infinity of small villages; while directly opposite the Valhalla to the west, situated upon the same ridge, and separated only by a ravine, stand the ruins of the robber-castle of Donaustrait, offering, by the associations it conveys of war and rapine, a fine contrast to the peaceful object of the Valhalla—a contrast especially noticed at the inauguration-addresses of the building. I am only sur-

* SINCE the above was written, the entrance-fee to ST. PAUL'S Cathedral has been done away with, for which the world is indebted to PUNCH; and as for CROMWELL, nothing remains of him except his name: *but that is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen!* Even in Catholic, Jesuit-ridden Bavaria, public opinion has compelled the admission of LUTHER into the Valhalla! Might not a similar engine procure at least the admission of CROMWELL among the English monarchs?

prised that they should have chosen the eighteenth of October for the inauguration-day. It was merely perpetuating a sore point in the French chronology of the empire, as on that day the power of NAPOLEON was broken on the plain of Leipzig.

In emerging from the bridge, on our return, my eye was caught by a colossal representation of the combat of David and Goliath, who is a giant in good sooth, while David is a burly, beer-swilling Bavarian, swarthy-skinned, and fifty years of age. They are both habited as in the fourteenth century; Goliath as a knight, David as a herdsman; but the colors are too fresh to be aught else than modern. Who is the artist of this wonderful design doth not appear.

Our hotel is upon the Heide Platz, or 'Duel-Square,' so called from a duel fought here, tradition saith not how many lustres ago, between a gigantic heathen, a Hun of the name of Craco, and a citizen of Ratisbon, named Hans Dollinger, in which the latter was victorious. Lest any one should suppose the design on the bridge to be a representation of this combat rather than that of David and Goliath, I may mention that the name is painted beneath, and the accessories, such as the sling, and the spear like a weaver's beam, all faithfully distorted, also attest the fact. Ratisbon is, without exception, the most melancholy town I was ever in.

T O M Y O L D C L O C K .

BY R. W. WEIR.

My ancient clock no longer ticks,
Or taketh note of time;
Its hands are still, its voice is mute,
That voice that once so resolute
Sent forth its hourly chime;
And stillness now is felt to be
Like distant surges of the sea.

My ancient monitor of worth!
Thy silence makes me sad;
That measured tick no more I hear,
But pulses beating in the air,
And weariness run mad;
The very skeleton of time, *sans* breath—
The prelude, as it were, to death.

Come, ancient friend! no longer thus
In moody silence stand;
Cheer up! and let your wheels go round,
And gladden with your silver sound
Once more our little band;
Speak to our hearts, and to us say,
Thus, thus life's moment's pass away.

West-Point, January, 1852.

L I N E S T O A . M .

WHEN first I saw thy charming face,
 Where mirth and passion coyly chase
 Each other o'er the sweet expanse,
 This curving thy lip, that kindling thy glance,
 Methought I saw then hovering nigh,
 Contending for the mastery,
 The twin-born cherubs, FUN and LOVE:
 And while they thus together strove,
 I heard a voice from out the sky
 Ring like some distant wood-bird's cry:
 'Contend no more! ye both have won;
 Ye both shall reign, not one alone!'

February 14, 1852.

PAUL SIGSTOLZ.

A R E V E R I E O F H O R S E M A N S H I P . *

BY AN IMAGINATIVE EDITOR.

WE are at our cottage in the country — if we were richer than Midas, we would live in a cottage — and our horse is at the door. It is a bracing autumn morning, and the sun is a blessing. The russet grass is silvery with melting frost, and a thin fog is stealing out from amidst the woods, creeping up the hills, and ascending to heaven from their summits in a blaze of glory, like departing angels: and the rocks are covered with golden rime, and the river looks as if it had just melted into existence, and was flowing forth in the joy of its first creation; and the trees look as if all the dyes of a cloudy sunset had dropped upon them bodily.

But all this while our horse stands pawing at the door, and glancing sideways at us with his 'talking eyes.' Our hand is on his mane, our foot in the stirrup, and the gude-wife and little ones, that are to her as rose-buds to the rose, come forth to see us mount. Our horse stands like a statue — what a noble quality in a saddle-horse! — only you may notice a slight shudder in his flank, as his heart quivers with eagerness to scurry down the gravel, leap the gate, and snuff the dust of the open road. 'Tis done! away! Rocks, and trees, and fences that seem only like a line of white, are rushing past us, as if they were running a miraculous race. Hurrah! that bound cleared the gate, with a foot to spare. O that BAUCHER could see his pupil! And now our face is turned toward the city, and the wind is howling by our ears, as if the faint south breeze had turned to a hurricane; and our blood is leaping here and there through our veins like summer lightning.

* A METHOD OF HORSEMANSHIP, founded upon New Principles: including the Breaking and Training of Horses: with Instructions for Obtaining a good Seat. Illustrated with Engravings. By F. BAUCHER. Translated from the Ninth Paris Edition. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY AND HART.

We reach the quiet lane, over-arched with dripping branches and gaudy leaves. The first burst of equine spirit is over, and we canter along more demurely. Delicious, dreamy motion! A child could go to sleep in our saddle, while the old nurse beside it might knit on without dropping a stitch. What a glorious creature is a horse! What a mass of flexible muscles and sturdy bones, shaped to the perfection of artistic form, and wrapped in a skin that shames the softness of velvet and the gloss of satin! What an intelligent spirit he possesses! What sympathy with his rider!—the more daring, the more he loves him. What patience under human tyranny, and what power to endure its worst inflictions! What can equal him in courage? The lion is a base skulk to him. What in fleetness? He tires the wing of the lean ostrich. What in beauty? To be like him is to be beautiful. What animal is so improved by education, or shows so strongly the marks of fine breeding? None; for, taking his bulk into consideration, he may be taught more than the dog, and a thorough-bred may be picked from a crowd of vulgar horses, like a diamond from among a mass of pebbles.

This is all very well: but we must not forget that we have emerged from the solitary cross-road, and are now riding along the 'Avenue,' where one is in danger of losing a leg by any sulky or wagon-wheel that passes. Hark! here comes one of the trotting kind! We cast our eyes over our shoulder, and see the poor be-whipped beast plunging along, hard-in-hand, with his nose straight before him, his feet flying about to every point of the compass, and his whole appearance that of a mad dog running his final muck. We'll give our gentleman a turn. So we shift our weight, gather our horse's forces between our legs and hand, when instantly the highly BAUCHERED animal slides into a long, swinging trot, which does not look much like speed, although it carries him over an amazing length of ground at every stride. Phew! the dust! Here comes the trotter, smoking along, and making the Macadamized road fly in the air, stones and all, as if heaven required a turnpike, and he were the contractor. Very well: now you have lapped us, are you satisfied; or must we let out a link or so? Suppose we look at his horse. Two-fifty in harness, but what a sight! The driver's eyes will fall upon his cheeks, if he keep up that pull. Then, if the poor beast could only employ all that wasted power for the purpose of locomotion, what a different story he would tell! Pull with one hand, and whip with the other; how perfectly philosophical! How wonderful that the docile animal understands what is required of him; or that such a course of training should succeed under any circumstances!

All this time our horse has been slipping along, with his neck arched and elastic, his mouth just feeling the bit, and his whole strength centred in the muscles of his limbs. There, my friend, we have flattered your vanity long enough; we are trailing at your sulky-wheel. One slight pressure of our legs, and we shoot ahead like a stone from a catapult. Whip, indeed! Oh, yes, whip away; but remember you are wearing out your thong and your horse at the same time. Good morning! We nod our head to the merciless driver, the gravel from our horse's heels stings his ugly face, and the last glimpse we catch of him shows him slackening down to a walk, his horse trailing his callous jaw

and aching neck before him, like a hound upon a cold scent, while the driver's chin is resting almost upon the tired animal's croup. That is driving for pleasure, is it? Deliver us from a pleasure that seems like a labor for Hercules!

Here is the town at last, with its bright shops and its quiet residences, its hotels, its theatres, its libraries, its crooked opera-house, its pale country-sick trees, and its little patches of dull green, ambitiously dubbed 'Parks!' but no more like any thing rural than a mud-puddle is like the ocean: here are its crowds of gay faces, and sober faces, and homely faces, and pretty faces; lips wide with mirth, and brows contracted with sorrow, or, worse, with sin: here are its awnings, and flags, and barbers' poles, and great flaming play-bills, promising more than would satisfy a poet, and performing less than will amuse a clod: here are the hawkers, and news-boys, and apple-women, and milk-men, with their unearthly shriek; and here is a friend, and there an acquaintance, and — Bless my soul! if there isn't 'the tall Son of York' standing in the door of his office, and gazing up and down Barclay-street and 'Broadway,' as if he owned both streets, from end to end, and had merely stepped out to take a look at his property. Well, well, it is only a prospective glance he is taking; for if the Socialists should divide the world according to merit, two such streets would be miserable injustice to our tall friend. As to us — But we are modest, like Mr. Whitney, and only ask a strip of land, some mile or so in width, extending from Sandy Hook to the Pacific.

We jog along down to the harbor, board a ferry-boat, and cross to the 'Island,' for the sake of the salt air. A short canter brings us to the cemetery; and, with as much dignity as a rich man's funeral, we enter 'Greenwood.'

'Greenwood!' terribly beautiful place! How many awful memories surround thee; how many far-reaching hopes stretch their imploring hands toward thee; how many who once made thee an unseemly jest, are now locked in thy merciless vaults; how many who loved thee, sleep in thy eternal arms! Through the far-winding avenues our horse glides along like a conscious being, scarcely turning the pebbles upon which he treads, and leaving no dint of his light footstep behind him. In and out, between old weather-stained monuments and those which shine from the scarcely-cooled chisel; between broken columns and heathenish-looking temples; between cruciform head-stones and plain marble slabs; between rough, gravelly, new-made graves, and graves waving with the grass of many summers; between rows of poor, neglected, shabby, sunken, weedy graves, with their head-stones all awry, and graves spruce with their trimmings of white marble and dark evergreens, or railed in, like miniature gardens, and hung with wreaths of faded flowers, here and there a fresh one; between the long, spectral mounds of the adult, and the short, low hillocks of the infant; we pass along, at our funeral gait, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.'

Alas! what a flitting shadow is most human grief! Compared with their endless sleep, how soon are the sleepers forgotten! We have seen a man at twenty in a strait-jacket for the death of his early love; and at thirty, in the bridal-bed of another, for no reason under heaven that

he could give. There is many a grave before which we pause, to summon back our half-forgotten memories; some there are that we can hardly leave, and one that we dare not visit. If our sympathizing horse only paws the edge of the sodded ground, and does not moan aloud, it is not because he cannot feel that there is an added burden upon his back—a grief that will never pass from earth.

Three o'clock! New-York in a full blaze of fashion, and we sighing over mortality! We must be off, to give the world a chance of delighting itself with a view of our horsemanship. 'What, in that rusty, dingy heir-loom of what was once a black abomination of some nameless kind!' You offend us, Sir; personally, Sir—personally. Do you not see that we are arrayed in our new 'Derby' riding-coat? Can you not see that it has the color of the olive and the texture of the peach? Not to forget its row of bronze buttons, all covered with stags' heads, and pointer-dogs, and boars, and partridges, and rampant horses; works of art that Cellini might have envied. Are you blind to our light-brown pantaloons, elastic as your conscience, and harmonizing so sweetly with the rounded skirts of our coat? Is our brownish-olive vest nothing? Is our deep-green neck-cloth tied in vain? Have you no eye for our polished boots; and is the glory of our golden spurs lost upon you? Go to! go to! These different half-tints—all approaching the one grand color, green—become us hugely; and in these colors, therefore, we issue from the ferry-boat, and quietly walk our horse up Broadway. Through excited stages and precipitate trucks, we wind our way with the grace of a serpent. The cool head, the vigilant hand, and the delicate equilibrium of BAUCHER do wonders for us; and we escape into the more open neighborhood of the 'Park,' without barking a leg or ruffling a hair.

Here our glory begins! We start at a canter, leading first with one leg, then with the other; now we change legs at every step; now we glide into a slow, measured trot, the lifted feet remaining extended for a moment before they are brought to the ground. Hark! those warning shrieks! A stage is driving its pole straight into our horse's chest! Of course we did not see it; oh, no; nevertheless we have ample time to back off from the danger at a full trot, or a gallop, perhaps. 'How! gallop your horse tail-foremost?' Even so: such are the perfections of BAUCHER's teachings.

A block, a dead block! We can neither move forward nor backward. Are we motionless? Not at all: our horse keeps on with his trot, but without advancing or receding an inch, like a soldier marking time. He becomes impatient; his feet fall with increasing celerity, until their motion is so rapid as almost to defy the sight. What is the horse doing? No one can tell. We can, reader; he is merely executing BAUCHER's '*piaffer*.' Suddenly he stops, and remains as fixed as if he were of bronze, instead of the thing of fire and air which he really is. The while, what curses are launched at the stolid ears of yon stage-driver, who has drawn up between a pile of old bricks and the stones of a broken pavement! Even ladies' well-bred coachmen begin to swear aloud; and glasses are let down, and inquiring bonnets, with their full displays of artificial floriculture, are thrust forth into the strange sun; and little canary-colored kid hands are tapping impatiently at the windows, or waving from them,

as if they held an empire in their tiny grasp; and check-strings are pulled after the manner of angry dramatic uncles, when they vent themselves on wireless theatrical bell-ropes; and 'Johns' are spoken to, and 'Peters' are gently scolded; and there is the prettiest little excitement imaginable among the daintier part of creation.

What is the blockading fellow doing? Making change, forsooth! with all the visual part of his countenance immersed in a small oval hole at the back of his seat, and all his thoughts occupied in a calculation about a sixpence. We cannot stand this for ever, nor our horse either. So he begins a series of revolutions upon his hind-legs, extending now one fore-leg, now the other. This becomes monotonous, and he varies it by revolving upon his fore-legs, carrying his hinder legs, alternately, the one over the other. What a strange horse! Ay; but he is only executing some of the varieties of BAUCHER'S '*pirouette*;' and although you cannot detect us, we are the prime movers of the whole. The canary-colored gloves stop their tappings and wavings, and their owners are lost in admiration at the 'love of a horse;' the side-walk is full of spectators. Just then the offending driver raises his head, looks around as innocently as if he had barely awakened from a sweet sleep, slowly gathers up his reins, and moves on. The spectators are dispersed; but our fame remains for ever. You say we are vain? Perhaps: but we are also proud of our horse.

Five o'clock! We dine at six, and have eight good miles before us. Our conjugal and parental heart begins to warm with the increase of our appetite; and the gnawing of the gastric juice affects our fancy, displaying our sea of damasked table-linen, with its islands of burnished covers, not few nor far between—a beautiful gastronomic Archipelago!—its margin of little people, divided by their charming mother, all radiant with positive hunger and hopeful digestion; while over the whole scene is spread a halo of wax-candle-light, that makes the sunshine seem a mere mock illumination, gotten up in honor of our approaching dinner. The man who has never dined by candle-light knows not what a dinner is; and into all such people's houses a well-disposed gastronomic missionary should be sent at once.

Out the 'Avenue' we trot again, amusing ourselves with the impromptu matches which are coming off between all kinds of animals that can be called quadrupeds. Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, there they go; skipping and catching, breaking and grabbing! Some on a gallop, some on a trot, if scrambling before and ambling behind may be so dignified; some on a resolute canter, from which all the sawing upon earth cannot shake them; some hard in hand, with their necks and noses outstretched, like a browsing giraffe's; and some fairly running away, with their heads between their legs and their heels in the air. Every phase of bad training and worse horsemanship is spread before us, and we shudder at the unhappy lot of horses, and glorify BAUCHER in our inmost heart.

Thus we travel along by the taverns. 'By the taverns!' Yes, indeed: we seldom drink before dinner; or if we do, it is something very light; a glass of brandy-and-water, or some old Monongahela, for instance;

both strange liquids in a tavern, although they have a variety of things which go by such names. The 'Avenue' is passed. We breathe the pure air of our country lane; a cluster of peaked gables is in the distance, which we know like the first chapter of Genesis; a curling mist hangs over them, and the evening-star looks through it, like a pure thought through a good man's eyes. Our appetite is redoubled; our heart fairly glows! One bound clears the welcome gate; and before us, far down the narrowing vista of trees, we behold a constellation of shining faces, ranged round a central light of greater magnitude and of deeper lustre: our horse neighs, and the stars dance all together. 'Behold,' say we —
 'Copy, Sir!'

A single word from that terrestrial 'devil' of the printing-office has dissolved our reverie, and dissipated all our glowing fancies.

T R U S T I N G O D .

'WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST IN THEE.' — PSALM.

THE billows round me rise and roll,
 The storms of worldly care
 Beat heavily upon my soul,
 And shroud me in despair;
 Forsaken, comfortless, betrayed,
 With none to succor me,
 FATHER! what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in THEE!

As feeble as the bruised reed,
 Infirm to will or do;
 Oft working out the ungrateful deed
 'T were better to eschew;
 How were the sinking soul dismayed,
 Could it not cry to THEE,
 'FATHER, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in THEE!'

When hope is faint, and faith is weak,
 And fears the bosom fill,
 And I a strong assurance seek
 That Thou art gracious still;
 I rest upon Thy promise-word,
 To THINE own truth I flee:
 FATHER, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in THEE!

When saintly paleness marks my face,
 And dimness fills mine eye,
 And, hoping only in Thy grace,
 I lay me down to die;
 If, entering in the vale of shade,
 Nor sun nor star I see,
 FATHER, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in THEE!

Philadelphia, January 6, 1852.

THOMAS MACKEITHAN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF HERODOTUS. Translated from the Original Greek by Rev. WILLIAM BELOE: with the Life of HERODOTUS, by LEONARD SCHMITZ, LL. D., F. R. S. E., etc.

THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE, ITS COLONIES AND CONQUESTS, to the Division of the Macedonian Empire: including the History of Literature, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts. By JOHN GILLIES, LL. D., F. A. S.

THESE two valuable works are from the press of the enterprising and well-known house of BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, in Park-Row. The first is a revised and corrected edition, with notes, of an immortal work by the 'Father of History,' which has withstood the war of time in which nearly all the writings by contemporary authors have been swept into oblivion. 'HERODOTUS,' says the translator, 'is styled the 'Father of History' because he was the first who wrote general history, and the first to adorn it with the graces of eloquence. So delightful and engaging is he in narrative, and such perfect simplicity is there in his manner, that we fancy we see before our eyes a venerable old man, just returned from his travels through distant countries, and sitting down in his arm-chair, relating without restraint all that he has seen and heard.' SCHMITZ's admirable 'Life' of the author, carefully-printed text, and a full index, leave nothing to be desired in the volume. The second of the works whose titles are given above contains a notice of the author and his last corrections. It commences with the infancy of Greece, and describes its gradual advancement toward civilization and power. The main design of the learned author is confined to the space of seven centuries, which elapsed from the settlement of the Ionians in Asia-Minor till the establishment of the Macedonian empire in the East; during which memorable period the arts and arms of the Greeks, conspiring to excite the admiration and terror of the ancient world, justly merit the attentive study of the present age and of posterity. In the general revolutions of their national confederacy the author has interwoven the description and principal transactions of each independent republic; and, by comparing authors seldom read, or consulted for historical materials, he has traced the intricate series, and explained the secret connection of seemingly detached events, thus reducing the scattered members of Grecian story into one perpetual, unbroken narrative; a design well calculated to promote the great purposes of pleasure and utility. A portrait of the author and an excellent pictorial title-page embellish the well-printed volume. The same publishers have given us, in a uniform style with the works we have been considering, an excellent edition of the 'Tatler' and 'Guardian,' of which we shall take occasion to speak more at large hereafter.

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By GEORGE H. BOKER. In one volume: pp. 150. Second Notice. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY AND HART.

WE resume our remarks upon this volume of Mr. BOKER, which we had neither the leisure nor the space to complete in our last number. From the peculiar construction of 'The Ivory-Carver,' we found it impossible to give an idea of the poem by extracts; but we subjoin a few lines from the opening, to stimulate the interest of the reader. The 'Song of the Earth,' a very remarkable poem, appeared some time since, and has been very extensively noticed. The Earth being addressed by a chorus of Planets, 'sings' to them, discoursing to each Planet of the influence it bears upon herself. Icy SATURN is the last she apostrophizes. She has ceased her song; and the finale is the 'Chorus of Stars:'

'HEIR of eternity, mother of souls,
Let not thy knowledge betray thee to folly!
Knowledge is proud, self-sufficient, and lone,
Trusting, unguided, its steps in the darkness.
Thine is the learning that mankind may win,
Gleaned in the pathway between joy and sorrow;
Ours is the wisdom that hallows the child,
Fresh from the touch of his awful CREATOR,
Dropped, like a star, on thy shadowy realm,
Falling in splendor, but falling to darken.
Ours is the simple religion of faith,
The wisdom of trust in God who o'errules us;
Thine are the complex misgivings of thought,
Wrested to form by imperious reason.
We are for ever pursuing the light;
Thou art for ever astray in the darkness.
Knowledge is restless, imperfect and sad;
Faith is serene, and completed, and joyful.
Chide not the Planets that rule o'er thy ways;
They are God's creatures; nor, proud in thy reason,
Vaunt that thou knowest His counsels and Him.
Boaster, though sitting in midst of the glory,
Thou couldst not fathom the least of His thoughts.
Bow in humility, bow thy proud forehead;
Circle thy form in a mantle of clouds;
Hide from the glittering cohorts of evening,
Wheeling in purity, singing in chorus;
Howl in the depths of thy lone, barren mountains;
Restlessly moan on the deserts of ocean;
Wail o'er thy fall in the desolate forests,
Lost star of paradise, straying alone!'

If our space permitted, we would copy the '*Vision of the Goblet*' entire. We cannot speak of it with too high encomiums. Truly Anacreontic, it bears other evidence to the versatility of the author's genius:

— 'OLD SILENUS on his ass appears,
Plashed in his hoary beard with purple wine,
Dazzled his silver locks, his reeking brows
Crowned with the ivy and the twisted vine;
Mark how the dotard leers,
As through the maids he steers,
And tries to summon love within his filmy eye!
Thick with the luscious grape,
His mumbled words escape,
The barren echoes of his youthful vows.'

'AROUND the hairy rout, with streaming hands,
ATHENA'S maidens whirl the dripping urn;
Their floating vestures, loosed from jealous bands,
Half hide, half show what charms beneath them burn.
Their mellow PAN upon the Attic ear,
Framed with a dainty sense for melody,
Pours music from his pipe of knotted reeds,
Lifting the ravished soul to that high sphere
Where joy and pain contend for mastery.'

We pass from the longest poems in the volume, to the songs and sonnets. We give one of each without comment. The sonnet is addressed '*To England*.' No praise of ours is required to set forth the excellence of either:

'THERE was a gay maiden lived down by the mill —
Ferry me over the ferry —
Her hair was as bright as the waves of a rill,
When the sun on the brink of his setting stands still;
Her lips were as full as a cherry.

'A stranger came galloping over the bill —
Ferry me over the ferry —
He gave her broad silver and gold for his will:
She glanced at the stranger, she glanced o'er the sill;
The maiden was gentle and merry.

'Oh! what would you give for your virtue again? —
Ferry me over the ferry —
Oh! silver and gold on your lordship I'd rain,
I'd double your pleasure, I'd double my pain,
This moment for ever to bury?

'LEAR and CORDELIA! 'twas an ancient tale
Before thy SHAKESPEARE gave it deathless fame:
The times have changed, the moral is the same.
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
Spread her young banner, till its sway became
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
Points his long spear across the narrow sea —
'Lo! there is England!' When thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land —
God grant thy daughter a CORDELIA be!

And now, like wise ones at a feast, who keep the choicest morsel for the last, we proceed to notice what, in our opinion, is the most perfect and the most artistic of the author's shorter pieces. 'THE BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN' is certainly the best poem that has been written on the subject; and we predict for it a wide popularity. We make the following extracts:

'O WHITHER sail you, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN?
Cried a whaler in BAFFIN'S Bay:
'To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.'

'I charge you back, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN,
As you would live and thrive:
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.'

'But lightly laughed the stout Sir JOHN,
And spoke unto his men:
'Half England is wrong if he is right;
Bear off to westward then.'

'All through the long, long polar day
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir JOHN was blown,
The ice gave way and fled:

'Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

'Sir JOHN, Sir JOHN, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze;
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sun-beams freeze.

'The summer went, the winter came;
We could not rule the year:
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

'The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

'Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?
And there, and there again?
'Tis some uneasy ice-berg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

'Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

'Twas cruel, Sir JOHN, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

'Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done —
The truth is founded, the secret won —
We passed the Northern Sea!

Mr. BOKER is a keen explorer of the 'untravellered deserts of the soul;' he has dropped his line of investigation far into the mystic changes of human nature: his are not the idle thoughts of the rhymers, strung together in idle hours; they are the fruits of research and observation, tinged with the magic of a spirit overflowing with poetic aspirations. Perhaps we should not bestow unqualified praise. Perhaps we might better show our own capacity by criticizing, rather than calling attention to the beauties of our author. But ours is not precisely the province of a reviewer; we are ordinarily satisfied to praise or condemn, giving our reasons and extracts to substantiate our opinions. Doubtless many things could be pointed out in this volume which are not up to the standard. We ourselves have recognized a few that are not. But if our author's writings are obnoxious to the petty critics, we care not to discover where. As a dramatic poet, we believe he has in this country no equal. In the other fields of poetry he has not, perhaps, done *enough* to warrant us to pronounce of him. As we have said, the 'Ballad of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN' is a master-piece; it seems to be one of those pieces which are thrown off apparently by accident, (we don't altogether believe in accidents, however,) and which are destined for a far greater reputation than was ever hoped or expected for them. Mr. BOKER is the only person in our country who devotes himself to poetry as a profession. He seems to have adopted the motto, *Poeta nascitur et fit*; and we look forward with a pleasant anticipation to the good things we have a right to expect from him.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY, for Travellers and the Fireside. WHIMSICALITIES by THOMAS HOOD. In one volume: pp. 228. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS new enterprise of Mr. PUTNAM is, we think, destined to be very successful. He proposes, in this series, to give good books at a low price, printed upon large clear types and good paper; in other words, not a 'small type, double-column'd temporary pamphlet,' but a readable and legibly-printed library-book. The selection will embrace standard and original books of travel, history, biography, domestic economy, and social philosophy, 'chosen with reference to an attractive, pithy, and entertaining style of writing, as well as for their ability and authenticity,' intermingled with lighter and humorous works, such as those of the inimitable HOOD, whose cheerful philosophy and true humanity are as remarkable as his genuine and mirth-moving wit. The majority of papers in the present collection were contributed by HOOD to the London 'New-Monthly Magazine,' during the writer's editorship of that periodical. Extracts from nearly all of them have appeared at different times in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. The author's aim in them he declares to have been chiefly to amuse; 'but,' he adds modestly, 'the liberal utilitarian will perhaps discern some small attempts to instruct at the same time. He may detect in 'The Defaulter' a warning against rash and uncharitable judgments; in 'The Black Job' a 'take-care-of-your-pockets' from the pseudo-philanthropists; and in 'The Omnibus' a lesson to Prudery. He may possibly discover in the 'Earth-Quakers' a hit at astrological quackery, and recognize in 'The Grimsby Ghost' the correction of a vulgar error that spirits go and come on very material errands. In 'The School-Mistress Abroad' a deliberate design is acknowledged, to show up that system of boarding-school education which renders a young lady ineligible for a wife.

The volume is liberally illustrated with wood-cuts, from amusing designs by the gifted and lamented author.

A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS: OF Paris in 1851. By Sir FRANCIS HEAD, Author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau.' Two volumes, complete in one: pp. 495. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THERE are two features in common between the late JOHN SANDERSON, author of that most original work, '*The American in Paris*,' and the writer of the work before us. Both observe whatever is passing of interest in the high-ways and by-ways of the gay metropolis; both are struck with the picturesque, the humorous, and the burlesque; but the two writers do not make the same use of their *matériel*; that is to say, there is a very great difference in their several descriptions. SANDERSON, in the most natural manner in the world, condenses upon a single page the same *species* of observation and humor which Sir FRANCIS HEAD would spread over six. We are forcibly reminded always, in reading SANDERSON, of a remark which we once heard made by a distinguished American author, that there was 'superfluous humor enough in the '*American in Paris*' to set up any six modern writers.' But in recalling to the recollections of our readers the American work to which we have alluded, we would by no means do injustice to the one before us, either by actual or implied comparison; for as we have said, although different in 'the concrete,' in the general they are alike. There is something agreeable to us in the fact of a man who sees quickly, and decides without hesitation, telling us how he came by his impressions, and why he decided so suddenly; and this our lively and entertaining author invariably does. Sir FRANCIS tells us in his preface, that during his last brief residence he spent his time in taking a few notes. Excepting on these occasions, he dined and breakfasted by himself, Englishman-like. He never once entered a theatre, and *only* once a café. He neither received nor paid visits; but if he avoided other society, he found, and seems greatly to have enjoyed, the society of the public streets; in other words, and his own, his sole amusement consisted in collecting literary sticks, picked up exactly in the order and state in which he chanced to find them. The 'faggot' which these 'sticks' compose, we commend to the fire-sides of our readers, as calculated to afford a great deal of sparkling *light*, even though they may not impart any very great amount of vital heat. We quote a single passage, descriptive of the author's crossing from Dover to Calais, as evincing how pleasantly he writes about almost nothing:

'The water and the clouds were slate-color; there were no waves, no white breakers, no sign of life in the sea, except a sort of snoring, heaving movement, as if, under the influence of chloroform, it were in a deep lethargic sleep. My fellow-passengers, I saw at a glance, were nothing in the whole world but two married couples; and as I paced up and down on the deck, while on the contrary they took up positions from which during the passage they never moved, I vibrated between them. One young woman, apparently the wife of a London tradesman, sat on the wrong side of the vessel in the wrong place. Her little husband kept very kindly advising her to move away from the sprinkling of the paddle-wheel. She 'would catch cold;' she would 'get her bonnet wet;' she 'would be more comfortable if she would sit any where else.' She looked him full in the face, listened to every letter, every word, as he pronounced it; but no; there she sat, with red cheeks, bright eyes, and curly hair, as inanimate as a doll. My other companions de voyage were a pair of well-dressed persons of rank, apparently but lately married. On all subjects they seemed to think exactly alike. For a short time the young bride sat up; then reclined a little; then, a very little more; then, with a carpet-bag as a pillow, lay almost flat on the bench; her well-formed features gradually losing color, until, shrouded by a large blue cloth-cloak, for the rest of the passage they disappeared altogether from view. The husband in mute silence sat sentinel over her; but long before her face had been hid, not only had his mustachios assumed a very mournful look, but his face had become a mixture of pipe-clay and tallow. Thus, without a human being to converse with, I continued walking backward and forward — a small circular space round the engine being the only dry spot on the deck — assailed sometimes by a hot puff, then by a cold one, then by a smoky one, and then by one rather warm and greasy.'

FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, late Foundation-Scholar of Trinity-College, Cambridge, England. In two volumes: pp. 875. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

WHATEVER else may be said of Mr. BRISTED as a writer, no one will deny to him a style of great clearness, a species of COBBETT-like English, when he employs English, and the utmost frankness and fearlessness in the expression of his opinions. We have said, 'when he employs English,' because the charge has sometimes been brought against him, both under his *nom-de-plume* of 'CARL BENSON,' as well as in the writings under his own proper name, of interlarding his productions with too frequent quotations from the classics, and especially from the Greek. But we regard this as less a matter of affectation than of actual necessity on his part; for it may almost be said of him that he 'thinks in Greek.' His quotations are not 'lugged in by ear and horn;' as a general thing, they spring from the occasion, and are rather the result of the classical tendency of his own mind. But this question aside: the volumes before us are of no common interest. They are very full and minute upon all the subjects whereof they treat; and they certainly present a very graphic picture of life in an English university of the first rank, wherein the author achieved scholastic honors, amidst the highest competition of Britain, which reflect credit alike upon his capacity and his studious assiduity. Mr. BRISTED tells us in his preface that he had three reasons for writing the work. In the first place, very little was accurately known in this country concerning the English universities; in the second, most of what we had heard respecting those institutions had come through the medium of popular novels, and other light literature; 'frequently written by non-university men, and almost always conveying an erroneous and unfavorable idea of the universities;' while his third and principal object was to show, that 'there are points in an English education which may be studied with profit by Americans, and from which they may derive valuable hints.' In a brief illustration of these reasons for writing the work, our author farther remarks, that 'few Americans have the opportunity of growing up into manhood among half a generation of the most highly-educated class in England;' nor, he frankly adds, 'is it desirable that many should have,' and that he himself owed it to an accident. 'It has been my object,' he tells us, 'to give a picture of university-life just as it is. Should the reader not assent to my conclusions, he will at any rate have a tolerable idea of the facts.' Premising that his volumes may fall into the hands of some Cambridge man, who may condemn them as abounding in uninteresting details, he indicates the different impression they may convey on this side of the Atlantic, by the following felicitously-cited apologue: 'An Arab traveller had occasion to visit London. On arriving there, his attention was attracted by a great crowd in the street. He drew near, and found to his surprise and disappointment that the object of cockney curiosity was a *camel*, belonging to the caravan of some BARNUM of the day. He wrote home at once to his friends: 'The frivolity and childishness of these English are intense. Yesterday I beheld a large concourse of people staring at an ordinary camel, that even one of our boys would not have turned his head to look at!'' In the absence of ability to present extracts, we commend this record of 'Five Years in an English University' to the attentive regards of our readers. Many persons will doubtless find some things that shall clash with their own pre-conceived ideas or predilections: but what of that? We should not stretch an author upon a Procrustean bed. 'Free speech and a free pen' is our republican motto.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'ALBAN.'—In compliance with our rule to permit our readers to 'hear both sides' of a question, we present, as we promised in our last number, the subjoined letter to the Editor from the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, author of '*Alban*.' The writer will pardon us, we may hope, for appending to his communication a few comments, which suggested themselves to us during its perusal:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

'Sir: It appears that I am at liberty to repel and disprove, in the pages of your Magazine, the unjust charge therein made against '*ALBAN*,' 'if I so elect.' It is an easy task, at least, and one that I do not feel at liberty to decline. Yet do not mistake my position. I consider '*Alban*' to have been simply *libelled*, and with very little excuse; and, after all, when one is assailed (one is conscious) unjustly, there is no answer like silence.

'But I renounce this privilege of the injured, and condescend to ask for justice. And why should you not accord it to me? I am a native New-Yorker, with old New-York blood in my veins, and my book was mainly a local book, honestly evoking the *genius of the place*. You should wish to think well of it and me. Sir, it will be best: for no author who has struck his literary roots lovingly into his native soil can ever be uprooted, however humble his genius. You may strip him, indeed, of his leaves, and deeply gash his bark, in momentary irritation or wanton malice, but the wound will be healed, and the green foliage reappear in the following spring.

'I forbear to join issue in regard to the general aim of '*Alban*,' its moral and its method, although I am convinced that I could do so triumphantly. I confine myself to those particular charges against it which are most offensive and injurious, and which have been made more distinctly by the correspondent of the *KNICKERBOCKER* than by any other critic whose lucubrations I have seen. It is asserted by your correspondent that I represent my heroine, MARY DE GROOT, as minutely describing (in a conversation on board a steam-boat) to the hero, with whom she is yet 'slightly acquainted,' an assault upon her virtue by a school-mate of her own sex: 'The delicacy of EUGENE SUE and PAUL DE KOCK,' continues your correspondent, 'has prevented them, in spite of their taste for the 'piquant,' from so much as alluding to the vice about which Miss DE GROOT is so communicative, although you may find something on the subject, I imagine, in those publications which the news-boys hide under their jackets, and offer stealthily to newly-arrived countrymen.'

'I am not perhaps so familiar with this concealed literature which is hidden under the news-boys' jackets as your correspondent appears to be. I never looked under their jackets, nor either elicited or received the stealthy offer of which he speaks: and that perhaps is why I was not even aware of the existence of the vice in question, until I saw it alluded to in this and one similar critique of '*Alban*.' Before seeing it thus unequivocally put, I had seen the epithet 'disgusting' applied in various quarters to *something* in the book, and I had always 'sincerely wondered what that thing could be. Now I know. I repudiate and deny, in the most absolute manner, this monstrous and gratuitous interpretation of the incident related by MARY DE GROOT to her student-friend. What shall I say of a critic who ascribes such a meaning without being forced to do it? And it is one of which the passage is not even tolerant: it is one which destroys all its force, and

deprives the conduct of the heroine, in the incident related, of all its dramatic beauty, of all characteristic expression, and renders it of no meaning in the story. Fancy the calmness with which MARY DE GROOT finishes this story; the cool assurance with which she observes that her 'student-friend's gentleness makes her forget that he is not of her own sex, as if such a thing could have been told to a female acquaintance; and ALEXANDRINE praising her friend's 'brave and lovely behavior' in not suffering herself to be irretrievably dishonored and defiled! Good God! And the same pure friend tells the heroine (a strong, *girlish* expression—a mere trait of girl-character—which seems, however, to have led to this strange surmise) that she would have done right to bite her (HENRIETTA's) head off, rather than run the risk of *consenting to a mortal sin*'—such as it would have been, truly, to take pleasure in impure thoughts or words—when it was a question of *resisting a personal degradation not fit to be thought of*, and which, by the way, how could MARY DE GROOT know any thing about! And why does ALEXANDRINE say that she will take the little girl into her own cot 'if she will come to me?' This expression is intelligible if the heroine had merely displayed a sensitive pride and delicacy, but utterly senseless if she had fled from pollution.

I meant to ascribe to the unprincipled school-girl of my story merely that corrupted mind and tongue and disposition to make others as bad as herself, which are found, perhaps, in all large schools, but which must necessarily spread and fret most rapidly and fatally, where there is no confidential discipline to pull up such weeds as soon as they appear. On the other hand, I had imagined that energetic natural chastity of the child-heroine, the motherless and sisterless MARY DE GROOT, which made her repel the caresses which children of her age and sex are generally fond of giving and receiving, and, when offered by the indelicate HENRIETTA, vehemently resent them. I believe this trait is in nature: nay, it is drawn from my own observation of childhood. The point of MARY DE GROOT's character, and the dramatic strength of the incident, as I conceived both, were in her 'flaming up' so, when a girl like her room-mate offered to share her cot on that bitter night. All her pride, all her scorn of impurity, (in the only form in which she knew it, that of language,) burst at that proposal into a flame. She fights! She is overpowered! Vanquished, she feels the recoil of disappointment, and for a moment is tempted, as if in anger at the Providence which has forsaken her, or in despondency of any supernal protection, 'to abandon that *inward resistance* which she has hitherto opposed to her companion's corrupting influence;' to yield, in other words, to the temptation (who of either sex has never felt it?) of listening to, and taking pleasure in, a frivolously-sinful talk. To some, perhaps, it may seem very silly; but to me, I confess, having maturely weighed the value of a human soul, and considered on what delicate crises its eternal destiny, in fact, depends, there is something sublime in that little girl, at the thought of her mother, suddenly turning and fastening her teeth in the arm of her persecutor, then fleeing in her little night-dress and bare feet down the cold halls and stairs to the room of the principal, to expose her wrongs and demand protection and redress. If, indeed, the incident was what your correspondent and others would represent, there was not much in it, for no decent girl could do less; while to tell it afterward would be monstrous: but if it was as I meant it, it was an act of heroism; a great determination; a bold taking of high ground; and there was a congruity in representing it as obtaining for her the 'guidance of the celestials,' and in time the access to faith and grace.

'There is no temptation described in 'Alban' for its own sake. Each one is the condition of some advance in the interior life, which it is the purpose of the story to develop; and every triumph, whether of the hero or heroine, purchases a spiritual reward. In this respect I have developed in 'Alban,' with great care and minuteness, what I believe to be the true theory of conversion, which is not effected generally by study of evidences, nor by any miracle or coincidence in itself, or attractiveness of the worship of the Church, or harmony and intellectual grandeur of its faith, although it may seem to the individual himself that it is due to one or other of these influences; but is a moral result of yielding to the inspirations of grace in the moment of trial, in matters more trivial than people suppose. Here is the delicacy of the test to which we are subjected, and here is the fairness of our probation.

'At all events, unless you have mastered this idea, and have endeavored to trace it through 'Alban' from beginning to end, (for it is the very thread of the story, and its whole argument,) you are incompetent to pronounce any opinion respecting the book, whether good or bad. And this I say of my Roman Catholic critics as much as of any others, as I have already had occasion to say elsewhere, with the warm approbation of the persons whom, of all on earth, I most revere and love.

'In regard to the other points noticed by your correspondent, I am happy to think that I am in no respect bound to take notice of them. Why he thought fit to rake together out of my book so many passages which, by his own showing, have in his own mind a 'nasty' meaning, I cannot tell. You call his doing so 'indignant sarcasm,' which I take to be a charitable hypothesis; and I

shall say nothing, to allow him its full benefit, since in your estimation, apparently, and certainly in mine, he needs it.

'THE KNICKERBOCKER, Sir, is the veteran of our Monthlies. It bears a name associated with our most venerable local traditions. The contributions of IRVING, BRYANT, and LONGFELLOW, made it classic long ago. It is '*the American Maga*,' by preëminence: long may it flourish, as I am happy to hear it does. But let equity and candor toward all native writers, without distinction of party or creed, and a generous appreciation of *labor* in the field of American literature, continue to be its ornaments.

'*Brooklyn, February 3, 1852.*

'Respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF 'ALBAN.

CONCEDING the propriety of an author's explaining what he did or did not mean in certain passages of his work, we yet regard it as very singular that the critical opinions of 'ALBAN' which we have encountered should be uniformly against it, on one common *ground* of objection. Nor will it do to place a verdict so uniform to the charge of prejudice or dishonest opinion. Our correspondent is accused of exhibiting his own grossness in the *inferences* of grossness in the work, which were never intended by the author; but was our correspondent alone in such inferences? Hear the opinions of a true critic, one of the most popular of all our modern authors, a gentleman of pure taste and a fancy of almost feminine grace and refinement, and observe whether the general estimate which they convey of 'ALBAN' differs from that which had been formed by our correspondent. And we may add, that of precisely this character has been every notice that we have seen of the book. We quote from an article in '*The Times*' daily journal: 'Of all love-writers, we think this author, for a delicate-minded man, comes nearest to the borders of indelicacy; and of all the paragons of chastity that have ever come to our notice, this Christian ALBAN comes the nearest to—*lewdness*. It is extraordinary how the man poises himself, and plays upon an indelicate allusion, as if he had practised it as the RAVELS practise rope-dancing. He will even fling you a *pirouette* upon the merest shadow of grossness; giving you dreadful ideas of his capacity, if he should ever descend to the level of practice. ALBAN is reputed, at the time he leaves college, to be 'a dangerous man in families;' we should think it very probable that he might have been, and possibly he enjoyed the reputation. ALBAN, to our thinking, is not much safer in a book than he was in college; and we should set him down still as 'a dangerous man in families;' dangerous, because of that sensuousness of thought and feeling which seems to underlie the work, and which almost prompts the suspicion that its author had undertaken to demonstrate how much a book on holy topics could be brought down to the bestiality of earth! *The sensuousness is not apparent at the first glance; but it lies along the pages, like a snake half hidden in luxuriant herbage; rarely showing his forked tongue, yet ever and anon unconsciously wreathing to the light some glimpse of his serpent-folds.*' Now the writer of these remarks, as we also did, in introducing the article of our correspondent, commended the fertile imagination and grace of style of the author of 'ALBAN;' and he added, that he 'believed his moral character to be correct, and his religious opinions conscientious;' but he says in conclusion: 'If this is true, 'ALBAN' is a *libel upon its author*; and, in the name of delicacy, we hope that it is.' Mr. HUNTINGTON is quite right in assuming that we would not willingly do him an injustice; nor, were they necessary, would the reasons which he gives for this assumption be without their weight with us. But we must in candor say, that for females to talk as certain of his characters sometimes talk, and upon such subjects as they converse, is either an offence against delicacy, or they are

more or less than human. To say what they say, they should not be susceptible flesh-and-blood; they should be passionless and cold; representing, in themselves, the false and unearthly light described by PERCIVAL:

'I saw, on the top of a mountain high
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seem'd a star that had left the sky,
And fall'n asleep on that lonely height.
I climbed the peak, and found it soon
A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon.'

But we are at the end of our tether; and can only add, that the author of 'ALBAN' may rest assured that even the 'judicious, who grieve' that he should have laid himself open to censure on the grounds cited, hold him in deserved regard as a writer of no ordinary force and felicity of style; and that he is wholly acquitted of *intending* to do aught that could militate against morality or the cause of virtue. We believe—for we have been so informed by those who personally know Mr. HUNTINGTON, and in whose judgment we confide—that he is himself an example of almost ascetic reserve and scrupulousness in his private life. Such example should be taken into consideration, when the character of an author is associated with the character of his writings and the creations of his fancy.

A PAIR OF MISSIVES FROM A 'GRAHAMITE' AND A 'GOURMET.'—'Curious, is n't it,' the different kinds of 'good people' one meets with in this world of ours? Now here, for example, are two correspondents; both from the country; both exemplary men, both good citizens, and both 'men of mark' in the separate regions where they each reside. The first dates from a 'GRAHAM Boarding-House,' and the second addresses us from his beautiful 'model-farm' in the interior. And yet, although different, they are both right; for 'toasted GRAHAM-bread' is healthful, and *not* 'bad to take,' with well-cooked, nutritious meats; nor (save always without excess) is such a larder and such a *cuisine* as is described by our agricultural friend at all to be disregarded. We have tried the one, 'in moderation,' and we mean to test the other in the same way. But to 'the documents:' Ladies and Gentlemen: 'J. E. S.,' in an '*Apotheösis to Graham*,' has the floor:

'IMMORTAL GRAHAM! as the ages roll,
And changing Nature decks thy lowly bed,
Thy fame shall spread abroad from pole to pole,
And myriad throats take down thy GRAHAM-bread.

'Thy name shall be pronounced in households dear,
Where morning, noon, or evening meal's enjoyed;
Thy praise ring through all climes, both far and near,
Where bread-and-butter fill the 'aching void.'

'What inspiration taught thee first to make
The curious compound that adorns our feast?
How cam'st thou first to mix, and mould, and bake
The mass uprising with the expanding yeast?'

'Did some fair damsel teach the needed lore,
To knead and shape the loaves we daily see?
Or did some ancient grand-ma'am, bending o'er,
Instill in thy young heart the mystery?'

'Thy loaves involve no harsh dyspeptic pain;
Thy slices ne'er produce a 'leadene feel';
No dreams of goblins haunt the tortured brain,
When toasted 'GRAHAM' forms the evening meal.

'SYLVESTER GRAHAM!—Thou wert a well-'bre'd' man;
In spite of 'eumptin's,' thou wert 'bound to rise';
Who calls thee '*loaf*'—er, well deserves our ban,
Well baked, done brown—of any shape or size!

'Thine is the truest glory! Thine alone
Shall stand the test of time, survive the dead;
While heroes, statesmen, poets, sink unknown,
Ten million throats shall shout for 'GRAHAM-bread!'

Now turn we from the boarding-house, where, according to the author of the foregoing lines, 'the call for 'more 'GRAHAM-bread'' goeth up unceasingly,' to a *locale* of a somewhat different character:

'WERE you ever detained, my dear C—, at the rail-road dépôt at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey? If nay, invoke your unlucky stars to cause the breaking of a car-wheel, or some other trifling mishap, just at that spot; as the Irish say, 'jist forninst' the dépôt; for there is the celebrated hotel of 'BENNY STELLE.' Every body calls him 'BENNY,' by way of endearing diminutive; for he has the most fatherly manner of receiving guests you can possibly imagine. 'O!' what an 'Otel it is! BENNY is a bachelor, and, like his prototype, Mr. PRIMROSE, in 'Popping the Question,' he is rendered nervous even by a cob-web in the corner of his garret or cellar; and as to any *other* part of the house, no ultimate molecule would dare to follow a draft of air into an open window. A guest with asthma might sleep on any feather-bed in the house, without fear of coughing from the usual comminations of dust in such localities. Whether he has each individual feather taken out and wiped each day, I am unable to say; but they are, in common with every thing else in the establishment, wiped and polished. Some say the broom-handles are waxed and polished with a cork by rubbing. I rather *believe* the story about the cork, for he has many corks, and of exquisite fineness. I *know* that he scrubs the roof of his house twice a-week; and if he does not do it oftener, it certainly receives less scrubbing than any *other* part of his mansion.

'Long has the name of 'BENNY STELLE' been rung in my ears. I dined with a gentleman at the 'Revere House,' in Boston, and as the highest praise he could bestow upon the good-cheer to be obtained there, he said, 'It could *only* be surpassed by 'BENNY STELLE,' of New-Brunswick.* In Philadelphia, a friend proposed to me to meet him occasionally at 'BENNY STELLE's;' that he often arranged with New-York friends to meet him there to dine, and then to return home by the evening trains. Every where, in short, I heard the praises of 'BENNY,' and I had a laudable curiosity to test the quality of his good-cheer. Would you believe it, on my arrival there, I found several of my epicurean acquaintances, of twenty years' standing, quietly seated in one of the parlors! 'Hallo!' said they all in a breath, 'if here is n't M——! So you have found us out at last?' 'Well, boys,' I said, 'we do meet again, and on the old errand. They say that 'BENNY' feeds his guests like fighting-cocks, and I have come to test his powers.' 'You have hit the right place *this* time,' said they all. 'Don't go to Trenton to-night,' said an old friend: 'stay all night.' 'Certainly,' I said: 'I would not leave for the world.' In a few minutes we were called to 'tea.' *Such* a 'tea!' Snipe, every one as plump as the inflated cherubs which used to surmount the proscenium of the Old Park in our day, and cooked in a style that SOYER could not surpass. I felt that memory was being renewed in my olfactories, for they now had the right *goût*. How can I describe these snipe? Spirit of AUDUBON, assist me! Imagine, dear C——, all the appetite on earth about to be concentrated on all that's delicious in the shape of *one* snipe, and you may know what were my ecstasies. The gentleman at the head of the table was so enamored of *his* specimen, that his eyes became probulent, and his mouth contracted to the figure of an 'O!!' as if the edges of his lips were strung with palates, and he meant to bring every one of them to bear on the dainty luxury that was about to be elevated upon his fork! Such an *appetising* countenance I never saw before, and now only for a moment, for *my* snipe did not remain dormant. 'Squeak!' went a beef-steak on my right, for a well-cooked beef-steak always squeaks when cut; and in front, a dish of fried oysters, each one of which had surely never been 'crossed in love,' for they were as fat and jolly-looking as BARNUM's fat boy. I had a great struggle to keep within bounds, after a country diet of three months, for I found it impossible to partake of all the dishes.

'After tea, I 'rolled' into the parlor again: and here one of the knights of the knife-and-fork charged me boldly with having written the story of 'The Jersey Dutch,' in one of your late numbers. He said he knew EDO YRELAND, and was sure I wrote it. This brought 'OLD KNICK,' on the carpet; and every man present said: 'Now, M——, do bring him down here some day, and let us know the day before he can come.' They read 'OLD KNICK,' and would like to meet him

* How about JOHN I. SNEDECKER's, on Long-Island? Is there any other 'Ne plus Ultra?' *NOM*
FERROUS. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'face to face.' As soon as propriety would permit, I said, 'Gentlemen, if you call the meal we have just had 'a tea,' what does 'BENNY' give you for dinner?' 'BENNY' himself entered the room while I was asking the question, and, by way of reply, insisted upon my going with him to see his larder. *I saw it!* Saddles of mutton so fat that they had lost the fundamental figure of the sheep; sirloins of beef, the tender-loins of which had the transverse diameter of an ordinary porter-house steak; venison and other game in endless variety; indeed, all was so fat that, had I been a tallow-chandler, I could have wept for joy at the influx of the 'raw material!' The birds, both of the larder and parlors, (turkeys only in the larder,) were true game, and gentle. I need not add, that I remained until the next day; and that the breakfast could *only* be surpassed by the dinner. There was no 'Frenchification;' all was '*au naturel*,' but done to a turn.' M.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our friend and correspondent 'IK. MARVEL,' the guardian and amanuensis of 'TONY FUDGE,' writes us as follows, under date of February tenth:

'DEAR SIR: In behalf of my friend 'TONY FUDGE,' who is something of a slipshod character, I must beg you to excuse his appearance the coming month, and give him a little time to whip the FUDGE RECORD into better shape. Between ourselves, he has hardly done himself justice thus far: and although at the best he is but a shambling fellow with the pen, I think you will find him (if you give him his own way in the matter) spiced with a fair share of honesty, and very dexterous in thieving other people's wit.

'Hoping a pleasant and long companionship to your readers and TONY, I remain,

Very respectfully, 'IK. MARVEL.'

WE have a faint idea, from the 'hand-of-write,' that the author of the '*Lines to a Boston Belle*,' in our last number, is also the perpetrator of the annexed epistle to the EDITOR. If this be so, 'the thing is out.' 'M. W.' has been jilted, we very much fear, by some cold Puritan damsel. It may not be so, and we hope it is not; but probability favors the conclusion: 'It is hard for me to find fault with any creature whatever in the shape of a woman; and although I must sometimes sneer at the sex behind their backs, to relieve my mind, I do it with such a shame-faced feeling that it scarcely gives me any pleasure. Such a weakness in favor of the sex is common among the KNICKERBOCKERS. How often, in our old Dutch wills, for one example, will you find a gift of every thing to the wife; and how often, also, the proviso, 'so long as she remains my widow,' that betrays the same undying love; not indeed by the visible presence of affection, but by the jealousy, which is its shadow, stretching beyond the grave! The weakness, I suppose, descends to us from the ancient German race, of which we have all read; who, being given up to idolatry, among the divinities of their own invention, made an idol of woman; such an idol, too, that she actually became, at last, their guide and counsellor in all the affairs of life. The Germans, now-a-days, I believe, worship nothing, except an occasional myth; but, having contrived to place truth in a bottomless well, pass their lives in diving after it, to the utter neglect of all domestic ties. We KNICKERBOCKERS, on the other hand, distracted by the bustle of the New World, have had no time, like them, to become lost to humanity, and to lose ourselves, exploring our own 'inner life.' We are still alive to a thousand sweet influences from without, and have never quite shaken off the simple faith in womanhood, which, it seems, was a religion with our forefathers. You will please observe, therefore, that I am not dealing, at present, with woman in general, but with the woman of New-England, which is really a third sex, and was unknown to our German ancestors, or I am sure there would have been less idolatry among them. From the very outset, nothing would content the daughters of the Pilgrims but intellectual equality with our-

selves. They *would* overtake us in the march of mind, and in their hasty progress, like the BLOOMERS, have lost their peculiar feminine grace of movement, without acquiring the manly stride of our understandings; and, beside this, have exposed defects in their means of locomotion, of which we had before no suspicion! You will not accuse me of wishing to deny the sex an education and minds of their own. Yet I would not have them wise after the manner of the Northern maidens, who are so deeply read in the matrimonial price-current, and so well qualified to be their own brokers in every commercial transaction involving marriage. I would not have them entangled in the web of 'isms' and 'ologies' which those bewildered souls are always weaving for themselves. And, of all things, I would not have them, like those fair Puritans, so thoroughly acquainted with our language that no word, in their minds, which has a possible double-meaning can possibly be innocent: but would rather leave them, without a chart, in the care of the guardian instinct of the sex, that unerring and taciturn pilot, who steers so as to spare them every dangerous contact, and gives no reason for his course.' - - - 'DURING the Presidential election of 1844,' writes, incidentally, a country correspondent in a note to the EDITOR, 'a friend of mine heard an enthusiastic POLKITE holding forth in a grocery concerning CLAY and the Tariff; and in the course of his argument, he made the following startling revelation touching the liabilities of the British Government: 'Gentlemen, HENRY CLAY has been trying to get the cussed old feudal-system introduced into this country all his life. He is hired by the British Government to do it. The British Government pays him for it. Gentlemen, the national debt of Great Britain amounts at this day to more than *nine thousand dollars!*—and all from trying to introduce the cussed old feudal-system into this country!' If the British Government's endorers should become aware that JOHN'S liabilities had rolled up to *that* amount, I am afraid they would be 'around,' urging him to secure them!' - - - OUR esteemed friend and correspondent, 'MEISTER KARL,' has translated for us the ensuing lively verses from the German. The satire which will fall upon the reader's ear with the sound of the slap upon the landlord's breeches-pocket, in the last stanza, is very sly and felicitous:

THREE students sat in a banquet-hall,
And merrily drank to the world and all.
They sung: 'Hurrah for the rushing Rhine:
Our cheeks are burning'—'So much for wine!'

The first, he raised his glass on high:
'I could rush with joy to the battle-cry,
And gaze upon DEATH when he gives a sign,
And laugh at his beckon'—'So much for wine!'

The second, he rose with glass in hand:
'Long life to thee, German Fatherland;
With life and with soul I am ever thine,
A free-born German!'—'So much for wine!'

And so through the fair night they sung and dreamed;
In the wine-cup the glance of a true love gleamed:
'It burns yet, is pure, this flame of mine:
Hurrah for all true love!'—'So much for wine!'

Then, touching his red nose, the landlord spoke:
'I only drink wine for a jest or joke:
And they paid him the ducats, some eight or nine,
And he slapped on his pockets—'So much for wine!'

'A MEMBER of the Bar' of Berks county, Pennsylvania, gives us the following:
'While addressing the jury in an important case, not long since, I was struck by the intelligent countenance of one of the jurors, and particularly pleased with

the marked attention he paid to my speech. By a sort of instinct, I addressed my remarks chiefly to him, and saw, by the assenting expression of his face, as well as by an occasional nod of approval, that my arguments were producing their effect. I felt sure of my man and of the jury, and was much surprised when, after an absence of some ten minutes, a verdict was returned against me. I afterward met the juror, and, after a general remark or two, proceeded to make some inquiries as to what view they could have taken of the matter to bring about such a verdict. The answer was: '*Sie müssen Deutsch sprechen, Ich verstehe gar kein English!*' I had been wasting my eloquence and address upon a stupid fellow who did not understand a single word I uttered! - - - VERY 'ticklish' to the risibles will be found the two following '*Fables*': the first for its Brobdignagian 'scale' of illustration, and the second for its sly burlesque of a certain species of 'wisdom' gained through fable-inculcation:

DUAE FABULAE: or TWO FABLES.

BY PROFESSOR GILBERT SPHINK.

FABULA I.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO 'WOULD' PLAY WITH THE WHALES.

NEPTUNE had a little grand-son, who came to him one Saturday afternoon and said: 'Grand-father, may I go and play with your big whales this afternoon?'

'Play with my big whales!' quoth the King of the Sea, with a laugh: 'Nay, young Sir! Why, old BOTTLENOSE would dash thy brains out with one blow of his tail. When thou art as stout a fellow as TRITON yonder, then thou shalt play with my big whales. There, be off: go romp with the porpoises.'

But the youngster sulked, and sucked his thumbs, and threw his grammar into the shark-pen, and swore that he *would* play with the whales, any how, and the old man might be dang'd. So off he went, and asked the whales to play with him, which the huge fishes readily agreed to do. They were good-natured monsters, but prodigious block-heads, and began to sport with the unlucky urchin in their own rough way, as if he was as much of a whale as any of them. They spouted salt-water in his face, and thrashed him with their tails, and bunted him with their heads, till the poor lad was almost killed. At length TRITON, seeing from afar the youngster's peril, ran to his aid, bruised the whales' noses with his cudgel, and carried the truant home in his arms insensible.

When young master came to his senses, he saw his grand-father standing by his bed-side, and said: 'Grand-father, I wish you would send TRITON out with a gun, to kill those ugly whales.'

'Kill my whales!—kill my whales!' cried NEPTUNE, with an oath: 'I would like to see the rascal that dare touch my whales! Beside, my dear, if you *will* play with whales, you must take whales' jokes.'

MORAL.

Hæc fabula docet: which means, 'this fable teaches' that little boys should never play with whales. It also shows what a learned man I am, and how intimately I am acquainted with the archæology of the ancient Grecians.

FABULA II.

HOW A CERTAIN PHILOSOPHER DIDN'T GET DROWNED.

A CERTAIN philosopher being about to cross the ocean, considered how he might escape drowning. After long study, he said to his servant: 'MOSES, it is well known to scientific men that the specific gravity of the human head, being much greater than that of water, drags the body under the surface, and causes death by strangulation. Were it not for the great specific gravity of the head, it would be impossible for a human being to sink beneath the surface of the water. I therefore desire you to cut my head off before I venture upon the ocean.' MOSES thereupon took an axe and chopped his master's head off; and the consequence of this prudent measure was, that the philosopher was not drowned as long as he lived. But the ship in which he had taken passage foundered at sea, and all on board were drowned; a calamity which they would have avoided, if they had cut their heads off before they started.

MORAL.

This fable teaches that people always ought to cut their heads off before they go to sea. How many men get drowned because they neglect to relieve themselves of their extra specific gravity! This fable also teaches how much wiser some men are than others, and what happy results may be attained by 'long study.'

G. H. M.

Good thoughts, well expressed, are contained in these remarks of a metropolitan divine upon the beauty and force of *'The Imagery of Scripture'*: 'How majestic is the imagery of Scripture, when it presents to us our MAKER as feeding all the orders of his animate creation, and ministering continually what they as constantly need for the sustentation of the life which he has bestowed upon them! 'The eyes of all wait upon THEE, and Thou givest them their meat in due season: Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.' 'HE giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.' The sea-gull winnowing the salt and wintry air along our coasts; the petrel twittering in the storm over the far blue waves of mid-ocean; and all the tribes that cleave the air, or traverse the deep paths of the seas, or rove our earth, look up to His daily vigilance and bounty, under the pressure of their daily necessities. To HIM the roaring of the beast, and the chirping of the bird, and the buzzing of the insect, are but one vast symphony of supplication from the hosts which HE feeds. To His capacious garnerers their successive generations have resorted, and yet those stores are not spent; neither has the heavenly PROVIDENCE failed in His resources, nor have the expectant pensioners been left to famish.' - - - Did you never happen to be on board a pleasant steamer on the Hudson, and while gazing thoughtfully upon the receding river, or regarding the quiet lapse of the beautiful shores, have some inquisitive fellow, a perfect stranger to you, fix himself at your side, and pour out question after question, of not the slightest importance, not one of which you answered, save by a monosyllable? If you *haven't* been bored in this way, reader, you are a rare exception to most travellers. A friend at one of our metropolitan clubs last evening mentioned the experience of a lady in this kind, which is worth repeating, as it exhibits a pertinacity in 'worming out' intelligence by piecemeal, that has rarely been surpassed. A gentleman riding in an eastern rail-road car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most 'inquiring mind.' Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length 'caught her eye.' He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation: 'In affliction?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the lady. 'Pä-rents?—father or mother?' 'No, Sir,' said the lady. 'Child, perhaps?—a boy or gal?' 'No, Sir, *not* a child,' was the response: 'I *have* no children.' 'Husband then, 'xpect?' 'Yes,' was the curt answer. 'Hum:—cholery?—a tradin'-man, meb-be?' 'My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel: he did'n't die of cholera: he was drowned.' 'Oh, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant. 'Save his *chist*?' he asked. 'Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow. 'Was they?' asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up: 'Pious man?' he continued. 'He was: a member of the Methodist church.' The next question was a little delayed; but it came: 'Don't yeöu think you got gre-e-ä-t cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and

saved his *chist*?' 'I do,' said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the car-window. The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his 'glittering eye' once more, and propounded *one* more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat; '*Was you callatin' to git married ag'in?*' 'Sir!' said the widow, indignantly, 'you are impertinent!' And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car. 'Pears to be a little 'huffy!'' said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator, behind him: 'she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!' - - - Our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT-BARD,' says the following lines came to his mind a few evenings ago, while 'foddering the barn-stock.' The lines are very simple and graceful. He entitles them, '*Washing by the Brook*:'

'WHERE the alders girt a grassy,
Leaf-embowered nook,
There I spied a cottage-lassie,
Washing by the brook.

'Bright the wavelets glanced beside her;
Brighter was the look
That she gave to him who spied her
Washing by the brook.

'Sweet the songs of birds around her,
Songs from Nature's book;
Sweeter hers to him who found her
Washing by the brook.

*
'HEAVEN bless her! HEAVEN watch her!
Pride may overlook,
But for graces may not match her,
Washing by the brook!'

The 'PEASANT-BARD' is preparing for press a volume of poems under the title of '*The Harp and the Plough*.' We predict for it a most favorable reception at the hands of the public. - - - THE '*Doylestown Democrat*,' Pennsylvania, in a recent cordial and most flattering notice of this Magazine, 'touches us' reminiscentially in a single sentence: 'When storms and wild tempests are sweeping over our hill-side village, in these chill winter-hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the KNICKERBOCKER.' Aside from the pleasure of being kindly remembered and regarded, at a season when even the elements become our enemies, we desire to thank the editor of the '*Democrat*' for bringing out from one of the far-backward cells of memory a picture of Doylestown, as we once saw it, in company with the lamented 'OLLAFOD,' to whom every feature of Nature was a page of an open book. Well do we remember the pleasant October morning, when we made our way, in a delightful vehicle, through the crowds of carriages, carts, and market-wagons setting toward the goodly city of Philadelphia, and at length found ourselves on the high-road to Doylestown and Easton. The flavor of a delicious breakfast at Willow-Grove still lingers upon our palate: and the charming village of Doylestown, which (singing the while certain plaintive Scottish songs and Methodist hymns) we approached at a leisurely pace, we see before us now, with its neat dwellings and public edifices, and its oblong 'square' in the centre of the town; and the memory of the view which we obtained from the cupola of the courthouse will never be forgotten. It was grand in extent, looking toward the setting October sun, pavilioned in gorgeous clouds; and the vast expanse, quilted in patch-work of vari-colored grains and grasses, and dotted with farm-houses,

was 'beautiful to see.' We *think* we can fancy how that scene looks when 'storms and wild tempests' are sweeping over it. - - - 'My great-uncle,' writes a new correspondent, 'is an incorrigible old joker: and although now on the dark side of 'three-score-and-ten,' he still continues to make himself sunny among his numerous nephews and nieces, and his countless grand-ditto's.' He left Yankee-land nearly twenty years ago, and 'squatting' in Michigan; where, having gained there a living and a competence, he will doubtless end his days. A strong desire seized him last summer to visit his former friends at the East: accordingly, early one fine morning, on the first day of August, he made his appearance at my father's door unannounced, but was none the less welcome. Many of the younger portion of the family knew him only as one of the 'ancients;' but as they had heard of his good-humor, they were all quite eager to make his acquaintance. The household severally passed in review before him, as they emerged from their sleeping-rooms, and each received some spiky or odd salutation from the new-comer. We were finally seated at the breakfast-table, when down rattled my younger brother FRANK, a young buck of twenty-one, who sometimes indulges in an extra-snooze after the 'alarum-bell.' He too was introduced, but was taken all aback by the old gentleman's greeting, and the cachinnations of the company that ensued: 'Well, my boy,' said he, 'I didn't think that of you!' FRANK looked 'all ways,' and the rest of us enjoyed not a little his confusion. 'You was out late among the gals last night, hey?' 'Oh no,' said FRANK, somewhat relieved; 'I never do such things.' 'Well, then, you are the greatest sleeper I ever saw: go to bed in July and never get up till August!'" - - - 'MISS E. TIDDATE,' whose prospectus of '*The Shabby Fam-merly*' we recently presented, has commenced her pungent sketches. She thus sets forth the trials attendant upon service in a boarding-house:

'Fust, there's the droring-room wants his boots, while the nattie is a busting the bell-wires for his shaving-water; and there's the second-floer a bellerink over the stares to have his fire allighted; and the parlor pops out on you as he hears you a-going up stairs, and wants to know whether his hot roles is a-going to be fetched or not; and after all, to crown the hole, there's your missus in the kitchen, as orders you not to mind any on 'em until you've stepped over to the publick and fetched her gust that there fizzle-vile full of brandy to put in her tee, 'cause she's took bad with her old complaint, the spasums again; for, like a great big fool, as she says, she would go and eat up the remains of the pickled sammon what the droring-room had had for supper the nite afore, for she's oncommun fond of it, though it don't like her; and all the wile there's her 'good man,' who's as bad as bad can be, and only a brass-plate cole-merchant, a-winking at one quite onbeknone to his wife, and a pinching one under the table!'

This personification of the lodgers by floors will remind the reader of SAM WELLER's designation by boots, shoes, etc.: 'The VELLIN'TONS in Number fourteen,' the 'High-lows in Number six,' etc. - - - A YOUNG invalid friend in the country has the following touching passage in a recent letter to the EDITOR:

'The visionary hand of Might-have-been
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim!'

'I have given up trying to accomplish great things as well as the expectation of large enjoyments, and have won a measure of contentment by *resigning* my fondest hopes and loftiest aspirations for life's honors and blessings; but at times the MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN haunts me like a spectre: my buried longings rise, ghost-like, on my thought. HEALTH might have been mine! A competence might have rewarded the toil it gave me strength for, and there might have been, even for me, a home and home-happiness. Ah! no more — no more regretful thoughts of the MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. Cannot I picture something which may yet be mine; some fair prospect to delight the eyes beginning to dim; some hope to thrill, some joy to gladden the heart which may not throb as lightly as of yore? Are

there no good ends for which the invalid may labor worthily and successfully? There *are*, I trust; for great deeds are not required of the 'little ones of the kingdom,' nor shall the 'heat and burden of the day' fall on the weak and suffering one. My *BEST* is as much within my reach as is the highest excellence of the strong and the gifted; and for *that* may I learn to 'labor and to wait:' remembering with MILTON, in his blindness:

— 'God doth not need
Either man's works or His own gifts; who best
Bears His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

A FRIEND mentioned to us this morning about as amusing an instance of vain-glorious boasting, by implication, as we remember ever to have heard. He had stopped at an inn in the interior of the pleasant county of Westchester, when presently his attention was arrested by an old fellow, with a very red nose, rheumy eyes, and a glass of rum-toddy in his shaking hand, who was setting forth some of the occurrences of his eventful life. 'Let's see, BILLY,' said a bystander, 'wasn't you in New-York at the time the British were there, before the evacuation?' 'Wal, *no*, not exactly when they was *there*: but I'll tell you all about it. My father fou't at Bunker-Hill, and when he died, he left me his 'swoard,' and I said *then* that that swoard should n't never be dishonored. And when I heard that the blasted British was continuin' to stick in 'York, I got up our old gray mare, put a hoss-pistol into my pocket, and buckled my father's old swoard onto my side, and put for the city. I got there in the mornin', but the British *had left*! Fact!—they'd cleared out, every one on 'em! Now, I don't say that they knew I was on the way, and left because I was a-comin'; but I *do* say, that it looked d—dly *like* it!' The uproarious laugh that followed this perfectly serious vaunting, so excited the wrath of the toper, that he looked round the grinning company for a moment, smashed his old hat down upon his head, and indignantly left the room. - - - 'The Captain's Game of Chess,' by our correspondent 'F. H.,' will set before the instructed reader the very scene which he describes. One seems to be looking upon the board and listening to the combatants:

'I LIKE to play chess with the CAPTAIN. To be sure, I generally beat him; but I have other reasons than that. He has a language as peculiar to himself as CARLYLESE or BUSHNELLITISH, to their respective owners; and much more amusing.

'Imagine us in the parlor of his boarding-house. The game was opened after the fashion called in the books '*Ginoco Piano*,' and mine was 'the initiative.' The first few moves are mainly preparatory. At the tenth, I study some time; meditating a sharp attack upon my adversary's Castled King. The CAPTAIN exhorts to promptitude:

'Come, go ahead; go it, I tell you—go it!' And a curious *crescendo* makes quite a shout of the last words.

'So I move. The CAPTAIN looks at the piece, sees what for I put it there, and lets me know that he sees.

'Aha! that's it, is it? Don't try any of your *rigadoons* on the old CAPTAIN! You can't come that, now I tell you!'

'We play on. I plant my Queen opposite his King, and with a Knight 'captivate' his King's Rook's Pawn. He can't re-take, because his King would be left bare.

'Oh! *that's* it, is it! Touch him up, will you? Give it to him! Hit him on the *sapientem*!' So he gets his King out of the way, and I remove my Knight, now '*functus officio*.'

'Shortly I bring a Bishop to bear on his Majesty.

'Go it again, will you? Tip him on the *Brubol*! Go it, I tell you: go it!'

'Having shoved my King's Bishop's Pawn out of the way, I make prize of his King's Bishop's Pawn.

"Oh dear! I did n't see that; never mind: give it to him again: go it on the *Berampsho!* Try that now, will you?"

'I make a little mistake: and the old CAPTAIN, by a prompt diversion, realizes a Knight; and glorifies abundantly thereat.

"Now where are you? Shot your grand-mother that time, did n't you? Yes; shot her terribly, right whack in the bowels; with a hundred and sixty-four pound Paixhan gun. Perhaps you'd like to try it *again* once? Got another *riunctum* on hand? Go it again, will you?"

'But the CAPTAIN's joy is as an apple of Sodom: it shortly turns, as my aunt used to describe that fruit, into 'sackcloth and ashes.' For I have brought over my Queen's Knight, a sort of Imperial Guard, and with better success than its namesake at Waterloo, I dash at the foe. Sacrificing a Rook, I 'fork' Queen and King. And having slaughtered the old lady in cold blood, and removed her remains, I 'come down like the wolf on the fold,' with Queen, Knight, Bishop, and a far-ahead King's Rook's Pawn.

'The CAPTAIN somewhat murmurs: 'Rather hard time in this neighborhood, is n't it?'

"Yes, CAPTAIN, it's hard, but it's honest."

'So the CAPTAIN recovers his equanimity, and quotes from WATTS, calming his mind:

'Oh what a heedless wretch was I
To grumble and complain!'

"Murmur and complain, CAPTAIN, if you please."

'Stop your noise, you young serpent, will you? Go ahead. Go it—I tell you. Go it!'

'Mate in three. 'Try the *squibob*, CAPTAIN?'

"Go to the mischief! Let me see you, will you? That's all."

"*Checkereebus!*" said I, quoting the CAPTAIN; as it were, slaying him with his own weapons.

"*Whang!*" exclaimed he, talking, I suppose, in Chinese. 'All gone *squack*, as sure as I'm a gun!'

'It is unnecessary to make the two next moves. I console the CAPTAIN by advising him to try the *Pizzarinectum* next time; at which the old gentleman swears profusely, and the *parti* ends.'

WE don't like to aid crime, but somehow or other we *do* like to see *things get away*; a fly out of a plate of butter, or from a milk-cup; un-lubricate his legs, dry his wings, and 'cut his lucky.' Also, a mouse when he gets into a trap. Likewise that prisoner in the New-Jersey state-prison (no, *out* of it, 'by'r Lady!') who dug down below the foundation and got into the outer yard, and over the wall. Should be sorry to point him out to a pursuer; because perhaps he'll be a better man from the very suffering he has escaped. - - - SOME fair correspondent in the 'City of Gardens' has given a 'ROWLAND for an OLIVER' to the author of '*The Belles of Tontine*,' published in a late number of the KNICKER-BOCKER. She entitles her rejoinder '*The Beau of Tontine*:' and thus limns him to the 'mind's eye' of the reader:

ONCE, while on a stormy Sunday,
Sad I sat, and sighed for Monday,
(With my feet upon the fender, and my book upon the floor,)
Though forebodings dark and drearful
Still indicated weather fearful:
Suddenly I heard a 'stomping,' just as if a horse was romping;
And a dapper little fellow opened wide the parlor-door,
Paused, and stopped, and nothing more.

While I wondered what the cause was,
Why the 'stomping' and the pause was,
And the dapper little fellow stood just in the parlor-door;
Just within 'the door of ALLIS,
Who's the keeper of the 'Palace,'
And who appropriates to ladies this private parlor, dark as Hades;
The little dandy dropped his glove upon the floor—
Dropped his glove, and nothing more.

'Who are you?' cried I, uprising;
'Your appearance is surprising,
And not at all appropriate to the air outside the door:
Beside, you've no umbrella;
Now, ain't you a pretty fellow,
To be coming here all slopping, with your clothes about you 'flopping?'
Tell me where, and whence you came from, or depart from out that door!'
But he answered nothing more.

Then into his face I look'd,
And I saw his nose was crooked,
Though his eyes were bright as those that VENUS wore of yore;
And his chin was smoothly shaven,
Save a little tuft of raven
Blackness, indicating there might be a scarcely yet matured 'goatee';
And plump and pretty were the fingers fitted for the glove upon the floor:
This I saw, and looked no more.

For the funny fellow, sitting,
To the seat where I was sitting,
Smiled so soft and sweetly on me, that the like I'd never seen;
Spoke, while scarce his lips he parted,
And evidently with joy light-hearted:
'You've heard of 'Belles,' and 'Ladies MARY,' about whom opinions vary;
But to me there's no contrary; I'm the 'BEAU' of the Tontine!
Here I vanished out the door!

It was pleasant to think, the other day, while rushing along the Hudson-river rail-road to Albany, that at one point, a hundred miles or so up, we were in the neighborhood of two 'young ladies' who were at their studies on the eastern bank, 'over the hills,' and not 'far away.' We sent them a blessing on the west wind that blew cold from the Kaättskills, looming grim-blue in the distance over the frozen river. 'The girls' might be looking at them at that moment, we thought. Then we surveyed the broad expanse of the Hudson, white with snow, and dotted here and there with sleighs and 'cutters,' looking like child's toys, and drawn by horses that seemed, against the snow-'relief,' to be *silouettes* of colts, seen through a reversed magnifying-glass. Now, while we were watching all this, 'like as not' we were distantly regarding our own flesh-and-blood; for look you, on our return there comes us a letter from 'the girls' aforesaid, wherein occurs this passage: 'Yesterday afternoon, (the very time 'hereinbeforementioned,') being comfortably wrapped in furs and skins, we rode from B——, on the ice, to Kingston-Point. You cannot imagine the sensation one experiences in gliding, as we did, almost imperceptibly over such an extensive plain of ice, with nothing to interrupt the view for miles up and down the Hudson, save the occasional indentations of the shores. Kingston, as seen from a hill which we ascended, seemed to be situated at the very foot of the Kaättskills, although in reality they are thirty miles distant. Returning, we took another and a very delightful winding road, which led us, for a part of the way, through a forest of solemn pines, on the light branches of which, in the silent dells, hung the feathery, new-fallen snow. When we reached the Hudson again, its snow-covered banks wore a most beautiful rose-color, the reflection of the setting sun. Two frolicsome dogs followed us on the ice, on our way home, playing around the horses, and seeming to enjoy the scene as much as we did ourselves.' - - - THERE'S an old fellow, a 'German doctor,' we should infer, who advertises extensively in certain Southern journals, and who must be what is termed 'a rouser.' His spelling and verbal inversions, not to speak of the variety of his cures, are astounding. As for example, he cures:

'ASMA, Tisic, or Consumption, Dead Palsey, Apoplexy, Pariox, or Fit, Small Pox, Yellow Fever, Asiatic colery, Dropsey of the Brain, Dropsey of the chest, in the first stage, Dropsey of the Flesh, in the first stage, Decay of the Liver, Inflammation of the Liver, Chronic affeete of the Liver, Secrecion of the Bilious matter of the Liver, a stricture of the gall duck, a torpid or swollen state of the Liver, a want of digestion and action of sorbeant vizue of the Stomach. Chronic effects of the Spleen, Nervous Fever, Nervous Fever Bilious, Tipus Fever, Tipus Fever Bilious, Tipus Fever Inflammatory, Bilious Fever, Bilious Fever Tifoid, Bilious Fever Inflammatory, Bilous Fever Remitan, Remitan Fever, Remitan Fever Bilous, Intermitan Fever, Intermitan Fever Bilious, Scarlet Fever, Scarlet Fever Bilious, Scarlet Fever Inflammatory, Measles, Measles Bilious, Measles Inflammatory, Inflammatory Fever, Inflammatory Fever Bilious, complicated fevers, having too, three or more cause, attacking the cistem at the same time or commencing with enney other fever, small pock, small pock bilious, small pock inflammatory, kime pock, bronsketus or chicken pock, lepricoy, dry pisen of enney kinde taken in the stomach, pisen in the flesh, snake or spyder bites, hidrofohey,

cankers, eating cancers, cancer warts, wens, polepus, gout, sore leges, scrofula, erecifelus or santonys fire, influenza, newmorny, quinzey, croup, hooping-cough, diarear, diarear inflammatory; young women that has lived with their hariesbindes several years, and never born a child, by the youse of medicines and direction and advice, they can be cured and have children, and man and wife that has had all female children, by the youse of some medicine and directions they can have male children, and pearsons that has loste their eye-sight so that they cante hardly see to reade with specks, by the youse of some medicine and directions and change the ciation of the cistem, they can be brought to see to reade with out specks, and pearsons that has loste their hearing so that it is dificulte for them to hear so as to understande, by the yous of some medicine, and some prepared oil to youse in their years, and improving their general health, they can be brought to hear and understands. Young graduates of the cientific order to boarde; lectures will be delivered to young graduates of the cientific order on the practice of phisic and cure of diseases according to the improved and cientific practice, to instruct cientific graduates, how to cure all the above mentioned diseases, and will double their success in the practice of phisic and cure of the diseases above mentioned that the human race is subject to that live between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth degree of north latitude. pearsons afflicted with either of the above mentioned diseases or complaints will do well to call as his success will be found eakwil if not superior to enney in the united states as he has examined five different ways or modes of practicing of phisic to cure diseases, the olde europeing practice, the cientific mineral practice, the roote practice, the indian practice, and the steam practice, and has selected a remedy suitable for the cure of the diseases of the human race that live between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth degree of north latitude.

TWELVE O'CLOCK rings out from the gray stone tower of 'our Church of St. PETER,' just sufficiently distant in the rear to penetrate the sanctum with a softened, mellow sound. We take out our watch to 'compare notes,' and find the agreement perfect. But as we return the full-jewelled gold 'TOBIAS' to its accustomed pocket, we think of its history; of the unknown, but generous and delicate-minded friend, who sent it to us as a New-Year's gift, several years ago. He is *somewhere* at this moment, that kind, considerate friend. Yet we know him not, and have exhausted all suspicion as to the donor. He has 'done good by stealth,' and the memory of his goodness is awakened whenever and wherever we have occasion to glance at its beautiful token. May he 'live long, and die happy!' - - - THERE is a good lesson conveyed in these thoughtful lines by an old friend and occasional correspondent:

As a chilling fog, in a calm, still night,
Steals along the hills and over the vale,
Until every star is hid from our sight,
And the light of the moon grows dim and pale:

So may clouds of care, in life's fairest day,
Steal over the mind and darken the heart,
Till the sun of Hope loses every ray,
And the lights of joy from the soul depart:

As the fearful pestilence often comes,
But a rumor, at first, from a distant shore,
Yet soon bringing gloom and death to our homes,
That were beaming with joy and life before:

So vices and crimes for a time may appear
Slight errors of life, quite under control,
Till conscience awakens a horrible fear,
And guilt convulses and tortures the soul.

As the voice of the earthquake is silence, at first,
And stillness portends the hurricane's roar;
As out of the calm they suddenly burst,
Enraging the sea and shaking the shore:

So warnings from God are whispered in love;
His blessings abused are judgments delayed;
So mercy despised, His anger will move:
Oh! let us then seek HIM, while vengeance is stayed!

J. B. B.

Syracuse, Nov. 27, 1851.

A GENTLEMAN in P —, Pennsylvania, who had a taste for 'improved stock,' purchased a pair of Bremen geese from HARE POWELL, of Philadelphia. That the speculation might be sure to answer, and to preserve the future race from

contamination, all the native geese on his farm were duly decapitated, and the foreigners waddled abroad, lords of the yard and goose-pond. But the golden eggs of hope proved to be no eggs at all, and two or three years were passed in vain expectation. At length some shrewd goose-ologist discovered that the purchaser had staked his hopes on a pair of ganders! The result, however, was an improved mixed breed. - - - A curious mistake occurred the other day in a certain metropolitan journal. It was its first number; yet in its *Notices to Correspondents* appeared the following: 'The letter of 'A CONSTANT READER' shall appear in our next!' - - - It really 'doth appeareth unto us' that we have encountered the following somewhere, or *heard* it somewhere before. It reaches us from a correspondent, and is 'na sae bad,' any way: 'The following fact is told by a friend, who never hesitates to pledge his honor for the truth of his stories: opposite his father's house was a huge sand-bank, thickly peopled with swallows. The people in the house were one day startled by an unusual commotion among the little birds, who were twittering, and screaming, and flying about, in the greatest consternation. The cause was soon ascertained, however; for in an instant after the whole front of the bank slid down, and left more than a hundred swallow-holes sticking right out in the air!' Such occurrences we suspect happen seldom! - - - 'M.'s *Sonnets* won't do. We see the mechanism too plainly. There is the 'one-hour rule;' the stop-act; the gag-law; the literary habeas corpus; a sort of writing in armor; a Procrustean bed; a good deal of stiffness; a poker lithe in comparison. Can't print 'em: *couldn't*, really. 'It's not at all in our w-a-y!' - - - HERE is a *recipe* for making a sailor-drama, which will seldom fail: 'Take a big man with a loud voice, dress him up with a pair of ducks and a pig-tail; stuff his jaws with an imitation quid, and his mouth with a large assortment of *dammes*. Garnish with two broad-swords and a horn-pipe. Boil down a press-gang and six or seven smugglers, and (if in season) a bo'swain and a large cat-o'-nine-tails. Sprinkle the dish with two lieutenants, four midshipmen, and about seven or eight common sailors. Serve up with a pair of epaulettes, and an admiral in a white wig, silk stockings, and smalls.' - - - THERE is something decidedly 'PUNCHY,' and as decidedly anti-democratic, in the following recommendation, touching accidents on rail-ways: 'Behind each engine let there be second and third-class carriages, so that, in the event of a smash, second and third-class lives only would be sacrificed.' A chair for a *director* in front of the baggage-car is another good and quite safe plan of Punch's to prevent accidents. - - - It's odd that some people can't sing without interpolating additional letters into the words. Take the cobbler's pathetic song, as an example. We heard one give it, to the lively accompaniment of his sounding hammer and lap-stone, the other morning, while waiting for 'Young KNICK's ice-brogans, 'on tap' at that period:

'I-I-I 'b'married me a-a wife,
 Ad'nd five poud'nds with her,
 I-I-I bought me a-a-a kit of tood'ls,
 Ad'nd a litteddle lead'ther:
 'Tum-e-lingdangdududdle-a,
 Tum-e-lingdanglaro-o-o!

'A LIVELY 'little Frenchman,' writes 'A Jerseyman,' 'came over to this country after the revolution of '30, and settled down in the western part of the great State of New-Jersey as a 'tavern-keeper.' The politeness of 'mine host' won him troops of friends, and his house was the favorite resort of the young and the gay from all the country-side for many miles around. Our jolly Frenchman was always in the habit of assisting his lady-visitors to alight, and he invariably

accompanied his attentions with a good hearty kiss. It was generally understood that this last was very well-received by all the 'daughters of Eve.' Late one sparkling winter night, after he had received, kissed, and dismissed several sleigh-loads of rosy girls, a merry jingling was again heard in the distance. Meantime the moon had set, but our host sallied out into the darkness to welcome the new-comers. One after the other he lifted the ladies from their seats, saluted them as usual, and conducted them to his old-fashioned parlor, where the fire was blazing brightly. What was his dismay, on coming to the light, to find that the whole party was composed of '*cullor'd pussons!*' The 'little Frenchman' has never kissed a 'dark ladye' since! - - - We give the 'Britishers' a hit, now and then, when they come over here from the 'other side,' with their pompous airs and their querulous comments; but now and then 'they of the adverse faction' touch us a little on the raw. 'Par examp.:' we could not deny that this was not a veritable fact, when we heard it *mentionnea* as such by an English gentleman the other evening. 'One of my fellow-passengers,' he said, 'last autumn in the 'ATLANTIC,' was a genuine specimen of the true Yankee. He had visited England for the sake of seeing the 'World's Fair,' and of nothing else could he, or at least *did* he, speak. After dinner, one day, the conversation turned upon works of art. 'Wal, as near as I can call 'late,' said our Yankee friend, 'there aint ra-ally but three great bu'sters, or sculptures, *any* wherea, now-a-days.' 'Name them,' quietly said an old gentleman, sitting opposite to me. 'Wal, there's KANO-VEE, ROOBINS, *a-and* HE-I-RIM PE-ö-W'rs! And HIRAM's the most surprisin' o' *all* on 'em! Jest look at his 'Greek-slave' gal—be-yewtiful! There aint on'y *one* mistake; he *shoodn't* a-had her raised where *cotting* was so scurse!' - - - Our friend GRAHAM, whose well-established and popular Philadelphia Magazine bears his name, says, in allusion to the change of price in the KNICKERBOCKER: 'If it does not soon print and sell fifty thousand copies, the fools are *not* all dead, but maintain a very decided majority among 'the peoples.' If any body wishes 'Old KNICK' and 'Young GRAHAM' together, they can accomplish their benevolent desire by sending five dollars to either work.' Now, *there's* a chance for you, reader! You *know* the KNICKERBOCKER, but you may not be so conversant with 'GRAHAM,' with its well-printed pages of choice matter, and its choicer engravings. It will be your own fault hereafter if you *continue* to be unacquainted with him. - - - An old 'KNICKERBOCKER,' 'native here, and to the manor born,' sends us the subjoined '*Ichthyologia*.' We are somewhat credulous, it is true; but the last 'fish-story' recorded below strikes us as improbable, 'in point of fact.' We 'may be wrong, but that is our opinion:'

'Who ever believed all the stories of a fisherman? Can any man who has patience enough to make a good fisherman have energy enough to tell the truth? When a lad, I used to stand upon the bridge leading to 'Fort Nonsense,' now Castle-Garden, and listen to the old fellows who were at that time disciples of IZAAK WALTON. What *old* New-Yorker but recollects JOHN LINTNER, the maker of fishing-rods, reels, etc.? He was as celebrated as JOHNNY BESSONET, the bird-fancier, in Nassau-street, and stood fairly at the head of the fishermen of the bridge. Every afternoon, when the tide served, one might meet there some of the first men of our city who were fond of fishing. Among these, I might enumerate old Mr. SHERRY, Messrs. CRUIKSHANK, EBBETS, STEWART, WELCH, and many others. Among these, one or two were celebrated for extraordinary stories concerning sporting matters. *One*, especially, who was familiarly called 'Uncle BILLY,' was a rare hand to wile away the time for the whole party, when bait was scarce, or the fish refused to bite. Many was the story I carried home from this coterie. On one occasion, some sluggish fisherman let his baited hook float with the tide into an open oyster; probably basking on the bottom, to enjoy an afternoon's sunshine. The unlucky oyster closed its shell, and was thus brought to the surface. This gave rise to all sorts of speculations as to the probable way in which the oyster was

caught; and 'Uncle BILLY,' being at fault when appealed to, pushed the inquiry aside, with the remark: 'Now look here, gentlemen, you won't believe it, I know you won't; but if you don't, I don't care; but I know it's a fact. Does any one of you know how a crab 'works it' when he wants to eat a clam or an 'yster? Well, I'll tell ye how he does it. When the 'yster is open, the crab catches a stone in his claw, and lays it in the 'yster so that he can't 'shet up;' and then he eats him up: *that's* the way there comes so many mud-'ysters.'

"Come, 'Uncle BILLY,' that's a very good story, but it won't do here among old fishermen."

"Well, look o' here," 'BILLY' would say, 'perhaps you don't believe it, but it's *true*. I've seen the crabs a-doin' of it a thousand times. They eat clams that way, too; and when a crab has a relation that is a 'shedder,' and has cast off his old shell, and lays still, to let the new one git hard, he always stands by him, and claws off all intruders; to fish, and worms, and almost any thing in salt water, will attack a 'shedder' if it gets a chance."

"'BILLY,' says one of the party, 'what was that story you told the other day about fish-hawks eating clams and oysters?'"

"Why, I said that fish-hawks would dive along the shallow places and catch clams, and then fly up in the air and let them drop on rocks to break them, so as to get at the meat. When they first begun to raise these 'ere Lima-squashes on Long-Island, the fish-hawks used to mistake 'em for large stones, as they were of the same color, and every squash used to have a hole in the top-side and a clam inside! Need n't laif: it's a fact!"

"On one occasion, however, 'BILLY' was fairly out-done; for VANRANST, who kept the 'Brand-Muler Hotel' on Burnt-mill Point, now the 'Novelty-Works,' visited the bridge, and told a story that put 'Uncle BILLY' fairly to the blush. 'BILLY' had bragged about a pointer-dog of his, of which he was exceedingly proud, and VANRANST told the following singular occurrence: Two friends of his went out shooting one day, and each being proud of his dog, they laid a wager as to which dog would make the most staunch point. During the whole day they met no game; but just at dusk, as they passed along the shore of a river, one of the dogs made a point at a fish jumping out of the water in the river. His master fired; hit and killed the fish, and the dog swam out and brought it on shore. They took the fish home, and wondered all the way why the dog should have made the point: 'but on opening and cleaning the fish,' said VANRANST, 'the mystery was solved: for inside the fish was a *small bird*, which had fallen in the water, and had been swallowed by the fish!"

'Uncle BILLY' handed VANRANST 'his hat,' and left the bridge!"

THERE is some fun in the '*Soliloquium Fresh-Homines*,' which reaches us from a distant western institution. Its paternity can hardly be fastened upon any one of the classic authors, but it may be referred, with great propriety, to the 'Age of Gold.' It strikes us that the metre is not 'particular;' some of the 'feet' need amputation, and others a good deal of twisting. We give a specimen, 'with all its imperfections on its head' and 'feet:'

'ME videt' hic cum tormentis surrounded,
Græco que Mathematicis confounded,
Nouns et verbs cum long radices compounded,
Et ceter incutim.

'CARUS, ANTHON, FELTON, et Bullion pater
Meruerunt gratias of human natur';
Nam, ut onion ad turkey et potater,
Vestibant ancients.

SI versus Pub. VIRGILII Maronis
Scamper, cum sex pedibus, like mad ponies,
Ego, loudly vociferans O! bonus!
Lapsiero in duck-fit.

UTINAM que ἐκαστοὺς Ἀπολλῶ,
Pinxerit old HOMERUM in oculo,
Or had caused illum for to quickly swallow
Confracta brick-bat.

'Sed nunc vertemus carmina HORATIAN,
Quorum quickly donare good translation,
Puto certes puzzle — erat the nation
Of wooden nutmegs.

'Tamen oportet mihi lumbum cingens,
Ut 'Niger Accipiter,' alias ingens,
In June-bug pauperimum saltus fingens,
Conferre pitch-forks.

'Tam exegero monumentum vastum,
Si viri opponere me, I'll thrash 'em,
Et ascendere gradum ad Parnassum,
Frangitur shoe-string!

'Rats habent nunc convivium in the ceiling,
Racing, scratching, consilantes, squealing,
From my shelf cheese and butter sily stealing;
Tam impolite rats!"

IN the transactions of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York for July, 1831, (see WENDELL'S Reports, volume seventh, p. 388,) will be found the following report of the case of JACKSON *ex dem.* COOPER *vs.* BROWNER:

"On the trial of this action, the plaintiff produced the original transcript of a judgment given by a Justice of the Peace, filed in the Clerk's office, and offered to read it in evidence; which was

objected to, on the ground that it was not 'written in the *English language*, and in fair and legible characters,' as required by statute. The objection was over-ruled, and the transcript read. It was as follows:

'*SAMUEL COOPER vs. FRETICK BROWNER.* This 25 day of November 1824. Summons returned personal served in a plea of —, of fifty dullows and issue gind, and the parties was rety for triel, and witness sworn, and gudgmand fur the plaintiff on a former gudgmand fur twenty-six dullows and twenty-six cents. Damiges \$26.26. Corst of suit 72: \$26.98.

'I hereby Sartify that the apove copy is a correckt and true copy of my pook.

'GIVEN unter my hand at seal at Danube, this 18 day of January 1825.'

'Signed by the justice who rendered the judgment.'

'*BY THE COURT: NELSON, J.:* 'An objection was taken to the transcript, that it was not written in the English language, according to the requirement of the fourth section of the Statute of Jeofails, 1 R. L., 118.

'Without inquiring into the question whether advantage could be taken on the trial of a non-compliance with the statute, it is a sufficient answer to the objection to say, that it is not well founded in fact. The transcript is written in bad English, and probably worse Dutch, and so far is liable to the criticisms made upon it; but the essential parts of it are sufficiently intelligible to answer all legal purposes. Judgment for plaintiff.'

This is almost equal to the Ontario 'Square' whom we mentioned in our last number, and whom the papers are rendering notorious if not eminent. - - - Mr. N. DODGE, the eminent surgeon-dentist, at Number 634, Broadway, has discovered a material for filling teeth, which he terms '*Lapidantium*,' and which is inserted in a soft state, and without pain, in the most delicate tooth. It becomes hard in a few moments, and is like white marble in appearance; bearing a near resemblance in color to natural teeth. Being wholly of stone, it has no deleterious effect upon the system. Surely, so valuable a discovery must supply an important desideratum in the *matériel* of the dentist's cabinet. - - - A FRIEND tells a good story of 'Old HAYS,' when he was crier of the Court of Sessions. The room was usually warm, and he was very apt in the afternoon to drop away in a doze. On one occasion, while the Recorder was charging a jury, the old man snored, quite audibly. An officer immediately whispered in his ear: 'Uncle JACOB, some one is snoring, and disturbing the court.' Up jumped HAYS, and with his stentorian lungs cried out, 'Silence! there must be no snoring in court!' And turning to the Recorder, he said: 'You can go on now without interruption.' The story is sometimes told of him, that being awakened one day by a peal of thunder, he cried out, 'Silence!' - - - SITTING in one of AUGUSTUS BLESSING's truly 'easy-chairs' in Ann-street, under the American Museum, the other morning, we suddenly arrested his soft and facile hand, and through a snow-pile of sweet-scented, face-soothing lather, asked a gentleman, who had mentioned his recent return from Albany, what was the best hotel in that ancient and hospitable Dutch city. 'If you are going to Albany,' was the reply, 'try 'CONGRESS HALL,' and then judge for yourself.' We *did* try 'Congress Hall,' for we *were* going to Albany, and we *have* 'judged for ourselves;' and our verdict is, that for cleanliness, prompt attendance, abundant larders, delicious cookery, quiet service, and good wines, this commodious and beautifully-situated hotel is not excelled by any similar establishment in Gotham. Mr. JAMES L. MITCHELL, the proprietor, embodies the 'COLEMAN and STETSON' of 'that ilk' in unobtrusive but assiduous attentions to his numerous guests. - - - Is there not a great deal of truth in the ensuing passage of a note to the Editor from one of the most promising of the young poets of the 'Empire State?' We must say, we consider his remarks eminently just: 'While I have labored from youth on home-themes, with slight recognition of my labors, it is 'Lo here! and lo there!' whenever some moon-struck imitator of foreign models beholds the insulted moon. Obscurity is called 'profundity' by a certain school. You cannot see the bot-

tom of a shallow mud-puddle, but off Mackinaw a pebble can be descried thirty feet below the surface. The Kings of Thought, SHAKESPEARE, HOMER, and others of a noble brotherhood, spoke out, and were understood by high and low, learned and unlearned. So too did BURNS. If the element of transcendentalism is suffered to blend with our literature, a compound will be formed flatter than poor cider a week after its smoking-hot marriage with pearl-ash. A poet should touch the ground, now and then, with his feet, although his head may be 'in *nubibus*.' He should derive his strength, like the fabled ANTEUS, from his native earth.' - - - WE have seldom been more gratified than in a visit which we recently paid to *Gibson's Depository of Stained Glass*, in Broadway, near White-street. Aside from his own manufactures, in every variety of beautiful workmanship, his vast establishment is itself a museum of art. A few of the rarest oil-paintings to be found in the city, 'old masters' of unmistakable authenticity, adorn his walls, which are diversified by statuary and fine engravings; while his own particular branch of what was once considered a lost art is not only rich in abundance, but of the highest order of artistic merit. We saw in his establishment some windows, in preparation for the library of a friend, which, in chasteness and appropriateness of design and beauty of execution, we have rarely if ever seen surpassed. It is worth a journey of ten miles to examine his immense library of books treating upon the art of stained glass. Specimens of the choicest works in this kind, from the chief cathedrals and edifices of the world, exactly colored from the originals, may here be encountered. - - - THERE is something quaint and *bizarre* in these reflections of a correspondent in the 'north countrie' of the 'Empire State.'

'As I walked from church last Sunday, after listening to my excellent parson's sermon upon the beatitudes 'of that celestial world to which we hope to go,' a philosophic friend's remark that 'Heaven is, after all, very much a matter of *geography* in the world,' set me to musing upon the kind and degree of happiness to which untaught and unregenerate man, in the various countries of the earth, might be looking forward. The Arab, for instance, trusting in the divine mission of MAHOMET, looks for his reward in the lasting companionship of dark-eyed Houris, whose songs shall fill him to forgetfulness of satiety, in a place where he shall be wakened from slumber by the cool dashing of fountains and singing of morning-birds, only to the realization of his dreams of happiness. The Chinese, faithful to his national enjoyments, doubtless fancies that the celestial plains are all planted with poppies, and that there, where no 'Vermilion Edict' shall forbid the pipe, he may look to see an opium-shop at every corner, where he may indulge in the 'smoking-mud' by the grain, or, with DE QUINCEY, drink it by the pint. Where would be the use of preaching the terrors of 'eternal fire' to a Greenlander, living for nine-tenths of the year in an atmosphere below freezing? 'Something 'rather warming,' with unending relays of raw seal and smoked rein-deer, where he might now and then lay aside his bear-skin coat and boots, and 'keep comfortable' in nothing but his fox-skin shirt and trousers, would be just the heaven of his hopes. Train-oil and horse, in unlimited quantities, we may suppose, would enter as large components of the heaven of the Russian Boor; while the North-American Indian, in his faint glimpses of the spirit-land, sees only far-off visions of perennial forests and sparkling waters, where, with never-tiring strength, he may hunt fat buffaloes and spear the swift salmon. The South-Sea Islander, less particular in his tastes, looks forward to unending feasts of bananas and 'cold missionary'; a prospective bliss, in the hope of which we may imagine the aforesaid missionary does not join with any great amount of *goût*.

'And then to us, laboring daily among God's poor in the world, as being by His Providence of them, how soothing to the aching brain and wearied frame comes the sweet consolation of the Psalmist: 'He giveth his beloved sleep!' Ho ye! poor, wearied mortal, whose life is but a struggle for life; whose daily toil is but for daily bread; think, as nightly ye lay your tired limbs upon the scanty couch, and find an aching heart compels to watchfulness, that there is at least ONE who, when want, and weariness, and buffeting with the ills of life, have done their worst, and your worn body sinks, 'powerless to rise,' can give His children rest! Ay, 'He giveth his beloved sleep!' and in that sleep what beatific dreams shall come!'

'And here my musing brought me up at my own door.'

'An excellent and worthy relative of ours,' writes a lady correspondent, 'who looks with pleasant eyes upon every thing, and hears all nature's sounds with a sort of human interpretation, told us a short time since of an interview he had with a friendly bobolink a year ago last strawberry-time. Uncle THEODORE, up with the sun, and away to the meadows, sought to break his early morning's fast by partaking of some delicious wild straw-berries, which he knew hid themselves away every year near a certain old fence, which seemed, in many respects, a guardian of the place. Low bushes, long, tapering wild-flowers, and golden-rods, had made this as agreeable a spot as could be for all the 'songsters of the air,' but especially for the merry family of bobolinks, who assembled here every sun-rise to pour forth their sweet wild melodies. But the father of this interesting family, as plump and well-fed a little body as could be seen of a summer's day, and withal full of song to overflowing, the moment he espied 'Uncle Dosy' crossing the lot, commenced his welcome, in a low under-tone, of which he only caught the following: 'Good morning, good morning, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy; nice morning, nice morning, Uncle Dosy: straw-berries, some straw-berries, Uncle Dosy? Here they are! here they are!' and then raising his voice to a somewhat louder key: 'Over the fence, Uncle Dosy; over the fence, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy; nice ones, large ones, ripe ones, ripe ones, ripe ones, Uncle Dosy!' And then, to the utmost power of his little throat: 'Over here, over here, Uncle Dosy; ripe ones, large ones; plenty of 'em, too, plenty of 'em, too, Uncle Dosy, Uncle Dosy: one, two, three, four, five—any qu-qu-qu-quantity of 'em, too!' And away he flew, rapidly twittering off the finale of his song, while Uncle Dosy stepped over the fence, and sat down on the green meadow to as delicious a banquet as Nature could spread.' - - - THERE was eliminated a good specimen of what has been called 'taking the starch out of a man,' when a Parisian dandy exhibited, with much pomposity, to the Prince ESTERHAZY a handsome bosom-pin of *lapis-lazuli*, and asked if he did not think it *recherché*! 'Oh, yes,' replied the PRINCE, 'quite so. I have a chimney-piece of it at home!' - - - Our friend and unquywhile occasional correspondent, MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, in his far-away home in California, has not forgotten his old punning propensities, as the following extract from a '*Market Report*' in his own journal, the '*Marysville Herald*,' will sufficiently attest:

'HAMS have gone behind a quarter, probably from the fact that they were taken from the hind-quarter.'

'MOLASSES.—Several traders have been 'stuck' with this article.

'BOOTS have advanced fully *two feet*, and are freely 'pegged off' at this rate. As we are now at the 'heel' of the dull season, our merchants will have to 'toe the mark' before shortly.

'CLOTHING.—We coat pants as a good investment.

'HIDES, HORNS AND TALLOW.—The holders of hides are almost ready to jump out of their skin. Horns are freely taken—at the saloons. Tallow has gone to Greece in large quantities.

'POWDER.—We have to notice a fair report of the going off of this article, at good rates. DOVER's is preferred.

'SHOT is plenty, principally 'in the neck.'

'POTATOES.—The arrival of a large number of emigrants from the 'first gem of the sea' has caused a decided advance. In fact, not to be mealy-mouthed, it appears to our 'eyes' that there must soon be a great scarcity, unless the duty on foreign potatoes be re-peeled.

'BEETS.—Scarcely any in the market, save those of the watchmen on their 'lonely round.' We cannot account for this without going to the *root*, and for that we have n't time.

'FISH.—Prices are rather 'salty.' Salmon is going up—Feather river. Mackerel (well broiled) is getting 'down in the mouth.' Sardines are in good supply, but cannot be had without the *tin*; Oysters *can*.

'CHEESE (particularly old cheese) is lively.'

We would add to this report another item: 'Puns: market well supplied, and

of a good quality.' - - - We take sincere pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement, on the cover of the present number, of *Mrs. Jones' School for Young Ladies, at Ravenswood*, near this metropolis. We can speak, of our own personal knowledge, of Mrs. JONES' preëminent excellence as the principal of such an institution. Two daughters (one for more than two years) have been the inmates of her school at Red-Hook; and while their progress in learning has been in the highest degree satisfactory, they from the first learned to regard their principal with an affection second only to that which they bore their mother. This moral, domestic influence constitutes one of the chief charms of a boarding-school. The instruction, in all the various branches, is thorough, and of the best. Indeed, our readers may unhesitatingly assume, that in all respects the promise of the advertisement will be entirely carried out in the performance. - - - Nor many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of COMFORT, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named RACHEL H—, residing on Long-Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old; or from some *other* cause, his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked, that it was the first modern instance he had known, where 'RACHEL refused to be COMFORT-ED!' This anecdote is only remarkable as being the first Quaker pun on record; 'Friends' generally lightly regarding such distortions of 'plain language.' - - - Some of the '*Spirit-Knockers*' have had a communication with EDGAR A. POE in the celestial sphere, and he has dictated some poetry to them which is as much like some of his earthly effusions as any mere earthly imitation can be. Through the same media we learn that THOMAS PAINE and ETHAN ALLEN are staying at a porter-house in Paradise, kept by JOHN BUNYAN! Our friend of the '*Evening Mirror*,' inspired by these facts, induced a friend, of spare corporeal body, to diet on the shadow of a cabbage until he was capable of the magnetic state, when he passed into a trance, and *he* too got some very strong poetry from POE, imbued with no slight portion of his satirical plain-speaking. - - - MRS. EMMA GILLINGHAM BOSTWICK gave her farewell concert at NIBLO's Saloon, on Tuesday evening, the tenth of February. The capacious hall was crowded with a brilliant and appreciative audience. Her pure, sweet, and liquid tones, and finished and artistic vocalization, were never exhibited to greater advantage. That beautiful cavatina from 'Roberto,' *Robert toi que j'aime*, was sung with a delicious grace and finish; and her 'Casta Diva,' in both movements, was rendered in a style of professional excellence that could not be surpassed. In fact, every song set down in the programme was given with great beauty and rare artistic skill, as was attested by the repeated and rapturous encores of her audience. It is Mrs. BOSTWICK's intention soon to commence a professional tour. She first proceeds southward: and it may safely be predicted that she will not fail to win the warm admiration of our Southern neighbors. - - - '*The Saint Nicholas Hotel*,' in the Venetian style of architecture, and built of the finest white marble, will soon be one of the chief ornaments of Broadway. It glories in a name dear to all KNICKERBOCKERS, and in Mr. TREADWELL will find one among the best of our metropolitan landlords. GENIN, always 'wide awake,' has secured one of the large and beautiful basement stores beneath, for a most attractive object, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. - - - THE Augusta (Georgia) '*Chronicle and Sentinel*,' one of the foremost journals of the South, in a cordial notice of this Magazine, holds the following language: 'From time to time a singular *sottise* has prevailed at the South, as most of us well know. An agent, with his subscription-book in

hand, ready to enrol your name among those of more facile patriots, importunes you for a fee in the name of an 'exclusive Southern Literature!' It may be gravely questioned whether antagonism in literature is not prejudicial to all interests, and most of all, to the reader's. When we possess here in Georgia, or Carolina, a better or as good a magazine as elsewhere, we may afford to make *that* exclusively the vehicle of our amusement or instruction. In the mean time, let merit, and not the mere accident of geographical position, constitute a claim upon the patronage of all just thinkers.' This is unquestionably sound reasoning, and contrasts strongly with the narrow appeals made by certain pseudo-littérateurs at the South, who are 'prophets' with as little 'honor' elsewhere as in their 'own country.' Does any one suppose that a *good* magazine, like the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' for example, need to rely solely upon local patronage for a liberal support? 'Not a bit of it!' - - - We've been dropping in at the studios of some of our more prominent artists, lately; and have seen enough to satisfy us that the next exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be one of the richest we have had for many years. LEUTZE has upon his easel, and nearly completed, a superb picture of WASHINGTON, with preparations for defence and war, in the neighborhood of Boston, which will add to his already brilliant reputation. He has also a charming and effective landscape, representing the setting on fire of a wheat-field by the wife of General SCHUYLER, to warn him of the approach of the enemy. KENSERT has several landscapes, all of rare merit, and one at least of which he has surely never surpassed. DURAND will surprise even his admirers by two landscapes, which we predict will fill the measure of his fame. They are somewhat different in style from previous pictures from his pencil, but possess all the delicacy and harmony which distinguish his facile touch. Mr. LOUIS LANG has two or three beautiful heads, remarkable for the sweetness of expression and beauty of the flesh-tints. ROSSIER has an unfinished landscape upon his easel, which promises to be a sunny and beautiful picture; together with one or two portrait-groups, which exceed any previous effort of his capable hand. TALBOT, at his rooms, Number 577, Broadway, has two very fine landscapes, one representing a rich and luxuriant valley, prolific of vegetable life, and the other an encampment on the Egyptian desert, of which we hear high commendations. ELLIOTT is brim-full of work, and will have two or three of his best pictures in the exhibition. HICKS, beside a most life-like portrait of a Quaker lady, true in coloring and admirably handled, has in his studio a full-length life-size portrait of Governor FISH, which, in naturalness and ease of position, truth of coloring, and artistic arrangement of accessories, is certainly one of his very best efforts. CROPSEY, too, will 'shine out' this year. His studio is enriched by two pictures of Italian scenery, which will reflect the highest credit upon his pencil. We hear good reports of CHURCH, GRAY, and other eminent artists, but have not, as yet, found leisure to visit their painting-rooms. - - - Our Magazine circulates extensively in maritime cities and sea-ports; and perhaps we may be doing some of our readers a service by mentioning a recent improvement invented by Mr. WILLIAM H. JENNISON, of this city, which, in setting up and securing the standing-rigging or shrouds of vessels, supplants entirely the old-fashioned 'dead-eye' and 'lanyard' which has so long disfigured the rigging of our ships. Several of our first ship-builders have given the invention their cordial approval. It may be examined at Mr. GIBSON'S Glass-staining establishment, Number 374, Broadway. - - - CALIFORNIA 'is a great nation.' It is a lively country, and, 'variety' being the 'spice of life,' it is *all*

spice in that region. By way of proof of this fact, here is a polite invitation to a 'hanging' in 'the diggin's,' given to a friend by a clerk in the general post-office at Washington, who opened a large lot, returned from California among the 'dead letters.' Great 'ked'ntry' that:

'MR. A. BURCH:

'Crawford, April 8, 1851.

'DEAR SIR: The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at THE HANGING, on Friday, the eighteenth instant.

'SNIFFLEDECHARGENKILL, Manager.'

WE know of no boarding-school in the city superior to Mrs. HUNTER's, at Number 201, West Twenty-Second-street, Lenox-Place. The principal, with her family, and the resident teachers and pupils, form one household; and the intercourse between all the members of this household is such as to revive and cherish the feelings of home. Her series of instruction embraces all the regular and extra branches, while her references are numerous, and of the very highest respectability. - - - WE beg leave to say to our correspondents, or would-be correspondents, that we do not wish *long* articles in verse. We have some twenty or thirty pieces of very passable verse, that are altogether too long for our pages. Another thing: we believe long poems in a Magazine are seldom read; always excepting, of course, good narrative verse. And as for dramatic poetry, it is not perused by one reader in five hundred. We like the remark of a western clergyman, who, upon being complimented upon the brevity of his discourses, prayers, etc., said: 'I suppose I have done some wicked things in my life, and I know I have done many foolish things; but I *never did a long thing!*' - - - WE have heretofore spoken of LITTELL's '*Living Age*,' and we refer to it again, only to express our admiration of the excellent manner in which it is conducted. It is, without exception, the best compend of the best periodical literature we have ever seen. Its selections are made with great good judgment and taste, from the most abundant sources. It is well printed, and afforded at a price so reasonable as to be within the means of almost every body. We are not surprised to learn that it has a large and constantly increasing circulation. - - - INTERESTED reports having obtained, that that excellent French journal, the '*Courier des Etats Unis*,' had fallen off in its circulation, the proprietors have shown by figures that it has *increased* nearly four thousand within seven months. It well deserves its success, for it is conducted with great ability. - - - Among the articles in prose and verse, in type or on file for insertion, are the following: 'An Episode in the History of the House of BEBLOWD;' 'Transcripts from the Docket of a Late Sheriff of Gotham;' 'Sketches of Western Life;' 'A Trip to Cintra;' 'The Fathers,' Part Second; 'The Sequel to St. LEGER;' 'Literary Quakers;' 'The Gathering of the Clouds;' 'A Leaf from the Port-Folio of a Traveller;' 'The Masquerade of Life;' 'The Gypsies of Science;' 'To a Violet;' 'The Lost Heart;' 'Lines' by the 'River-Bard;' 'Auld Familiar Faces;' 'The Five-Fold Fight, a Ballad of Mexico,' by ALFRED B. STREET; 'To my Wife in Absence,' by PARK BENJAMIN; 'The Orange-Flower,' by WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE; 'The Valley Where the Village Lies,' by WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND; 'The Child's Footstep,' by Mrs. E. H. EVANS; 'Stanza,' by Mrs. MARY S. MONELL; 'A Mountain Idyl,' from the German of HEIME, by EDWARD WILLETT; 'Live it Down,' by RUFUS HENRY BACON. - - - Isn't this present a pretty good number of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'take it bye and large?'

. SOME fifteen new works have been received at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER; but as our matter must all be in the printer's hand by the fifteenth of each month, they came too late for notice in the present number. The great increase in our circulation compels to an early issue of the Magazine. The favor of the public exceeds our most 'sanguinary expectations.' *It shall be reciprocated.*